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THE NATIONAL DEFENCE, AND THE HOME
GUARD.

WE have been taught to regard Peace and Love as among the chief characteristics of the Christian religion. We teach our children, from their earliest years, and anxiously, that the law of love can and must always rule. And in our land peace has actually reigned till many of the States have forgotten to retain implements of force ; till a generation has grown up never having heard the clash of arms. We have honestly acquired the feeling that war was a remnant of heathenism, a work henceforth utterly unworthy the hands of Christians.

But now within a few weeks this whole nation of peaceable citizens has turned into a nation of warriors ; even women and children are ready to stretch out their hands if they may help. The preachers of the Gospel, whose mission it is to take up and pass on the message of Peace and Good-will given at Bethlehem, advocate this war which is now raging, and mingle the mention of it with their weekly worship of God. For all this there must be some assumed, or sufficient reason. The spirit of Christ cannot have utterly left this great nation. His saints cannot have come forward to dip their hands in blood for what they deem a common earthly cause. The mothers, who with prayers dedicated their sons

to be soldiers of the cross, cannot have sent them forth to the destruction of their fellow-men, and to all the horrors of war, without believing that the Lord really called them, and will go with them. And just here is where the earnest question arises,— What is that sufficient reason, if such exist? can these two words “War” and “Christian” ever be joined together? And if so, what is it that makes this a Christian war? How, as open advocates this day of a forcible appeal to arms, do ministers of the Gospel feel justified in claiming a right to stand before their congregations as preachers of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace?

These questions I will try to answer. I assume that one of the great aims and demands of Christianity is peace on earth;—that in its whole spirit it is opposed, as no other religion, philosophy, or policy ever was opposed, to war;—that it exalts and illustrates human brotherhood;—that it continually urges men to appeal more and more to moral forces,—to try reason, persuasion, forbearance;—that it dignifies forgiveness into a divine power;—that it commands men and pleads with men to let love rule them; to give no place to passion;—that it makes hate almost synonymous with Satan; and declares that the spirit of revenge murders, kills out, the soul of the man that cherishes it,—cuts him off from fellowship with Jesus Christ and with God,—casts him into hell.

I assume that such is the spirit and tone of Christianity, and that its stern demand and its ultimate aim are absolutely for “peace on earth”;—that it labors, confident that its labor is not in vain, for the coming of a time when war shall utterly cease; when love of man and love of God shall be so fully infused into the life of nations that it will not be possible for men to attempt to destroy this image of God, any more than it would be for them to attempt to destroy Him whose image we are. I believe that Christ prophesied such a time, was sent to hasten on such a time, labored with tears and prayers and bleeding love to make men accept the real-

ity and possibility of such a coming time. I believe this to have been the vision, the inspiration, the practical aim of Jesus Christ. I have stated this point as clearly and as strongly as I know how, and I want it to be accepted in its full significance, without any limitation or mental reservation.

And now I will say, in the face of this statement, that Christianity is not compromised, or its efficiency invalidated, or its ultimate success disproved, by the present appeal to arms, advocated by the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. And let me tell you why.

The ultimate end may be peace for the entire world; the means, or intermediate steps, by which this end is slowly wrought out, may embrace within their limits war. It is especially important that we distinguish between ultimate ends and means, when the ends are as far-reaching as those of Christianity.

But can any end, you ask, ever make holy unholly means, — the end, peace, justify war? Yes, it can, as means. We have got to take the world as it is, and do our work in it. We have got to use the best means that are at hand; only use them, always keeping in mind the end for which we use them; use them unwillingly, it may be, but because of the impossibility of applying better. If you have the children of this world to deal with, you cannot use the weapons which you would if dealing with those who are nearer to the children of light.

When, for instance, men who cannot be reached by an appeal to justice or to honor, or to God's law, attempt to force their own evil purposes upon other men, making us, at least, accessories in their crimes, or attempt to destroy institutions and a government that are built up upon, and intrusted with the keeping of, holy principles, involving the progressive interests of the race, then I believe Christianity itself calls upon us, saying, "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

"War," says De Quincey, "may exist in virtue of a kind of moral necessity, connected with the benefits of compensation ; such as continually lurk in evils acknowledged as such, but which are used as a balance to opposite tendencies of a still more evil character. The very evil and woe of men's condition on earth may be oftentimes detected in the necessity of looking to some other woe as the pledge of its purification ; so that what separately would have been hateful for itself, passes mysteriously into an object of toleration, of hope, or even of prayer, as the counter-venom to the taint of some more mortal poison."

When Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple he used force with those men ; he called in, doubtless, to his aid, the authority of those who kept the temple, and then took those money-changers and defilers of holy places upon their own ground ; he did not appeal to reason,—they would not listen to it ; he made a scourge of thongs, and drove them out of the sacred precincts.

And now that we speak of the example of Jesus, turn to his own words. Peace among brethren was the holy aim before him,—peace on earth. Angels heralded it as his mission ; angels heralded it, and Christ came. But what did Christ say ? "Think not that I am come to bring peace,"—to bring it as a ready prepared gift, borne with me in my hand, or as the immediate result of my coming. It is to be wrought out ; and at first my coming will not be peace, but a sword. In the conflict of my principles, he would say, with worldly and selfish hearts, there must needs result among men contention, warfare, brother set against brother man. Yet because Christ spoke of this unavoidable consequence so calmly, are we to suppose that his soul was not saddened in view of the necessary conflicts which, because of men's low level of life, must needs grow up ? Or on the other hand, because he foresaw these conflicts, did he shrink from giving his truth to men, and intrusting to chosen and brave hearts the defence of his divine principle ? Not so.

Christianity, then, authorizes the use of the sword when some principle is threatened in such a way that the only method to defend it, or the institutions in which it is embodied, is by drawing the sword. The Christian limit for the use of force, necessitating a great loss of life on both sides, is this, viz. first, that you are carrying out the will of God; and secondly, that you are shut out from all other resources except the use of force. Human life is secondary to the upholding a principle. It is a sad necessity on the one hand to be obliged to take away a life; but it is not sad, on the other hand, to be obliged to give away life for a real purpose. Length of life in this world is of very little importance, but how the life is spent is of immense importance. When that man died, was he a soldier of God, and Christ, and human progress? And in regard to the individual himself, as an immortal being, one year of struggle with wrong for the sake of the right, and then death, contributes more to progressive life than forty years of compromise with wrong, or mere timid allegiance to right.

Now in this present war, as in the war of the Revolution, reason, expostulation, appeal to justice had all been tried, and all in vain, to ward off a terrific evil. Still it pressed on. If we yield to its march, we surrender the field where God seemed to have intrusted to man the working out of the highest civilization that the accumulated wisdom of centuries had made the race capable of achieving; we undo all that was done by the heroes of our Revolution; we place ashes instead of rejoicing upon the heads of the aged; we transmit despair instead of hope to the young; we blot out the sun of manhood. Ask the soundest statesmanship, and what does it tell you? It tells you that this contest is not a mere question of Union or Disunion; "it is a question of order, of the stability of governments, of the peace of communities; a question of freedom of suffrage, a question of civilization, of arts, of philanthropy, of divine order, of the brotherhood of man." Entered upon with a recognition of this as the reason,

and the only reason, why we take up arms, and this becomes indeed a "Christian" war. Would to God that every young man who leaves his home for yonder battle-field might be imbued with this solemn thought; it would be to him the source of calmness, of prowess, and of prayer. And if sudden death came to him, or more prolonged suffering,—his life-blood slowly ebbing from his aching wounds,—he would be able to rise above the power of suffering and of death; for he has given himself unto a principle which is greater than a life, and he is willing to die. According to my estimate, you shall find that the truest Christian will be the calmest, boldest, most unflinching soldier upon this coming field of battle.

Does the earnest philanthropist interrupt us here, and in tones of sad disappointment point to this appeal to arms as a retrograde motion, at a time too when he fondly thought the world was moving forward? A Christian war! he says,—nay, a "sanctified barbarism"! Does the pilgrim of hope rest heavily upon his staff, with look bent downward? Let those two men remember this one thing, that God's ways are not as our ways, or his thoughts as our thoughts; that the method of the world's progress may not conform to our programme, and yet there be progress; that "in proportion as we estimate worthily the task of Providence in ripening a world of souls, shall we be reconciled to the tardy and interrupted steps by which the work proceeds."

For such reasons do we regard this as a Christian warfare: the result of a sad, terrible, bitter necessity, but still, under God's recognized Providence, a necessity, even in the sense that the defence of justice, law, country, principle, to a true man is a necessity. In one sense a man is not obliged to defend any of these, unless he so will to do; but in another and deeper sense, he is obliged to, cost what it will; a necessity is laid upon him so to do, even as it was laid upon Paul to preach the Gospel of Christ;—says Paul, "Necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Let, then, those that go to this earnest conflict put

on the Christian armor,—let them go their way feeling that in no fancied sense, but in very truth, they defend the ark of the covenant, carrying the banner of the Lord! And let those from whose homes they go remember that a principle is greater than a life!

But there is another view of this subject which claims attention. We do indeed call upon every lover of man to help uphold our country's flag; and to strike now a decisive blow, and show to traitors and to the world the might of a great people, by a great wrong aroused to the defence of a great principle. But also would we point out to men the dangers which this day hang over them,—the dangers of war: not those which threaten loss of limb or of life: something greater, more to be feared,—the danger of being ourselves demoralized, and having our young men demoralized, by the influences that grow out of an exciting military campaign.

There is a real danger that the moral sentiments of the community will become perverted; men all-engrossed in watching for, admiring, and talking about brilliant exploits. There is danger that quiet virtue will be less and less valued; that there will be a loss of faith in pacific policies, and in a peace man for a future ruler of this nation. There is danger that, amidst the excitements, and pageantry, and martial music, and glittering parade of war, what is called distinctively "the military spirit" be cultivated; and thus the first step be taken toward acquiring the infernal, man-destroying, soul-destroying, nation-destroying spirit of conquest, in its restlessness seizing gladly upon any pretext for war.

Some may think this a borrowed fear. But ten years hence, unless checked by a strong and carefully guarded public sentiment, this very danger will be realized; especially, if the present campaign should prove a long one, and attended with some brilliant achievements.

There is also danger that our young men will acquire habits of improvidence; irregular ways, a certain reckless-

ness of life, manner, speech, and thought. There is danger that they will acquire a habit of setting a low estimate upon the worth of human life, a certain insensibility and hardness of heart. There is danger that war lose its solemnity ; and also that the charge and victory be more thought of than the cause itself which is now arming the soldier. There is danger that our young men, who now, under the pressure of circumstances, are developing strength and energy and thought which are to make them in this country the controlling men of the next thirty years,—danger that they will establish a false idea of duty ; intoxicated with the blazonry of war, will feel that a man has done enough when it can be said of him truly he has done his duty as a soldier.

These are the dangers of the war,—not exaggerated, not gratuitously assumed. They are the evils which have followed war in other nations ; they are the evils which calm thought tells us we are exposed to here ;—and I assume that some of these dangers are peculiarly liable to fall upon a nation that is all full of the fire of a young life, its history unwritten, and that life for two generations hardly having known the excitements of a military campaign.

But granted that all these dangers do threaten us, what is to be done ? Shall we disband our armies, call back our men that the ministers may preach to them upon moralities, and order our youth who have enlisted to return, that their mothers may take care of them in their sheltered homes ? No ! But I will tell you what can be done, what we who remain behind can do. One hundred thousand go, or a half million perhaps, but nineteen and a half millions are still at home ; and I will tell you what we can do. We can be sacredly creating and guarding a right public sentiment ; we who have no excuse for seeking mere excitement can keep calm, and judge all things by reason, and not give way to a mere “military spirit.” We can put down the flippant, flashy way in which already men begin to talk of killing men ;—they say, “Our soldiers are spoiling for a fight”;

an engagement leaving its thousand dead men behind is a "little brush with the enemy"; and the cannon's awful roar, telling with each discharge of some one's fathers and brothers and sons slain, is called "grand martial music." I say we can put down such flippant ways of dealing with these events. We can keep before ourselves and our children the awful solemnity of war; its terrific engineries of death; the scene of the battle-field; the desolation it brings to homes; the destruction it scatters in its path.

Our patriotism need be no less, only let us not talk of war as a holiday pastime, but always with deep earnestness of feeling and of utterance. Even with our rejoicing at victory, let our children see that our hearts mourn the death and agonies that bought it; while we arm the soldier, and bid him God-speed, let the head be bowed down, and an earnest prayer sent up to Heaven; and above all, let us never be ashamed or afraid to confess and declare unto all men, though in sight of the gay and proud march of armies, and within sound of the roar of artillery, that we accept war only as a dreadful necessity,—that we still have faith in the mightier power of Jesus Christ, in the final reign of the Prince of Peace;—that is what we can do.

Moreover, we can refuse to give our unqualified admiration to mere military glory; we can refuse to help set up a false standard of character; we can qualify the wholesale enthusiasm with which we are prone to repeat and dwell upon brilliant exploits and deeds of prowess; we can refuse to make heroes and demigods of mere warriors. Upon that very point of duty, we can demand that the word duty cover more than military bravery and faithfulness; that the man we honor with our praises and laurels must wear also virtue's robes with his epaulets and trophies. We can check our own and others' false haste, by presenting to the mind such men as Lord Nelson, for instance, type in one sense of military glory. "Look at him," says the Christian historian, "that monarch of the bleeding deck, making him-

self an assassin for the sake of his vile paramour; and dying at last without one feeling of penitence or kindness for the wife and orphans whom he had deserted, and yet with this expression on his lips (pointing to his military career), ‘Thank God! I have done my duty.’” I say, we can refuse to help set up a false standard of character.

Thus we answer when asked what we can do. We can guard our own homes. Ah! that word, “The Home Guard” is a significant title. Guard our own homes and our children’s souls; guard public sentiment; guard humble virtues and patient toilings and silent victories; guard the sacred religion we profess; guard all life’s deeper, quieter sanctities.

We can check the constantly encroaching demands upon our admiration and enthusiasm and interest and faith instituted by war. We can say to war, Nay, but we will not give up all to thee; thou art our servant, not our master; thou shalt not ride rough-shod over all we hold sacred; thy proud word is, Stand aside, the field for the time is mine,— all thought, enthusiasm, and care are mine,— stand aside, private homes, religion, with your timid hymns of peace; benefactors, philanthropic works, stand aside!— thy proud word is this, but in God’s name, in the name of the next generation of men, in the name of the very country whose flag you hold, we will not stand aside, we will guard against your arbitrary encroachments, we will thank you for your needed services, but we will ever guard our homes and our children’s souls against your subtle power. This is what we can do. And unless we do this, and give real thought to it, we shall, when the war is over, with all our patriotism and our victories, be as a mass worse men and women than we are now, living on a lower plane of life and of faith and of feeling; and especially will our young men, while telling of deeds of daring and skilful military movements, be reaping the worst fruits of war.

For these reasons, there probably never was a time in the history of this nation when thoughtfulness and calmness and

piety and sobriety, and a careful regard for all the institutions of religion, and prayer in our homes, were more earnestly demanded than at this day. Let these agencies constitute "The Home Guard" we need to defend us.

God grant unto all our people patriotism, calmness, faithfulness. May he guard those noble men who have gone forth to defend our liberties,—guard them from the enemy without and enemies within. May he watch over the homes they have left. Out of this war may he bring a more abiding quiet. May the great principles of human progress and Christian civilization be rooted in the land like the eternal mountains, which no earthly power can move; and thus may the day be hastened when heaven's prophecy shall become earth's history,—and man join with angels, repeating again, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER.

MEN make a fatal mistake when they despise their enemies. That the South have persistently misunderstood the North becomes more apparent as the present controversy waxes hotter and closer. That the North would not fight; that New England men are a generation of brokers and pedlers, who would bear anything for the sake of peace; that its laboring masses are a race of boors, very easily routed, is the delusion under which the South have long acted, and which they are soon to see dispelled. The present controversy is the old one reproduced on American soil,—the Saxon against the Norman, the Puritan against the Cavalier. The same prize is at stake,—liberty protected by law; liberty, not the privilege of a pampered aristocracy, but the boon and inheritance of all the people. For, complicate it as we may, this is the grand issue,—whether Freedom or the Slave despotism shall possess and rule the continent.

We shall not be invincible in this controversy unless we enter upon it as a religious war. Go to it in obedience to the call of God, and the spirit of a long line of ancestry will roll through us and breathe upon us from every consecrated battle-field, from Newbury and Naseby downward. It is a most auspicious omen that a large portion of those who have enlisted are religious men. Their courage will not be inspired by rum, by profane incitements, or even by the soldier's honor, but by the fear of God, and the love of his justice, and the love of humanity,—motives which lift us out of ourselves and enable us to look with contempt upon death. Preach it as a religious war, from every pulpit, from the head of every regiment; let the soldiers carry it to God in their tents at night, and, like Cromwell's soldiers, on the eve of battle lift up hymns against the sky, and then an arm not of flesh will smite the enemies of God and man. Let the whole Northern army be pervaded by this spirit, and we shall be saved from one of the worst consequences of war, corruption of morals. There is no reason why, in such a cause as this, war should be attended or followed by moral and religious decline, or why the usual vices learned in the camp should be brought back from it to contaminate society. It appeals to the holiest instincts of human nature; it summons all our faith in God and all our love of man. Let profanity and intemperance be kept out of the camp, and in all the armies of freedom, now thrilled with one pulse, let there be a conscious leaning upon the Almighty arm, and the camp and the battle-field will be holy ground. And when the war is done, the religious and moral tone of society, instead of being relaxed and let down, will be found wrought up to a higher pitch than ever before. The political atmosphere about Washington, which for a long time has sweltered with corruption, will have been cleared, and become as pure and bracing as the air after a thunder-storm.

In that great conflict of freedom, the war between the King and his Parliament, the division line left the English

aristocracy on one side and the English commons upon the other. The former fell into the mistake of despising their enemies. While in the camp of Rupert there was swearing and roistering, the Parliament soldiers were reading their Bibles for a "Thus saith the Lord." The eyes of the Cavaliers were first fairly opened at the battle of Newbury, September 20th, 1643. It was fought all day, the Cavaliers charging with "a kind of contempt of the enemy." The royal army had in it the flower of the English nobility. The Parliament men were taken from the loom and the anvil, and from the shops of Ludgate, and were called by the Cavaliers "base mechanicals." These "base mechanicals" had seen no actual service; they had only been drilled in the Artillery Garden in London. Rupert dashed upon these train-bands, and to his utter amazement saw his cavalry shatter to pieces on their long pikes as they stood like an immovable rampart. They had an unquenchable conviction that they were "doing the Lord's work," and neither in this first battle nor ever afterwards were their backs seen by a Cavalier. We shall see the same thing repeated when the working-men of the North, which make up the body of its armies, receive the chivalry upon their bayonets.

No one intends this war as an assault upon the institutions of the South. But the ball of revolution, once fairly in motion, is beyond human control. The signs are not to be mistaken that the Divine Providence means in these convulsions to shatter the slave system and destroy its prestige forever. The government, it is presumed, not only will not encourage insurrections in the loyal slave States, but will suppress them if necessary, protecting and defending all the institutions of those States. But whenever and wherever slavery is used to help the work of treason, the human property ought to be confiscated and the system wiped out from the face of the earth. Not the gentry of Charleston, but the slaves, made the intrenchments and built the fortifications from behind which Fort Sumter was assaulted. This is the sys-

tem whose influence has engendered the lurking corruption of our body politic, fomented all the passions of this crisis, and perverted the moral sense of men, till oaths and compacts, however solemnly repeated, are not worth a straw, and lying, stealing, and bragging are reckoned among the cardinal virtues. Is Providence to lead on the march of humanity at the cost of the best blood of the nation, and leave this source of national corruption still powerful for mischief? We do not believe it, but we wait with solemn emotions as he opens the gates of the Future.

S.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

“ COME, my boy, and in the meadows
 Tend the little lambs to-day !
 Play with them beside the brooklets,
 Where they crop the flowers so gay.”
 “ Mother, mother, with my bow
 I must to the mountains go.”

“ Wilt thou, with the horn’s brisk music,
 Lead the cattle through the dells ?
 Lovely in the Alpine pastures
 Is the tinkling of the bells.”
 “ On the mountains with my bow,
 Mother, let me hunting go.”

“ Go and tend the flowerets blooming
 In their garden beds, my child :
 In the garden all is pleasant,—
 But the mountain-tops, how wild !”
 “ Let the flowerets bloom and grow,—
 Mother, mother, let me go !”

Through the mountain's wildest regions
The young hunter rushed away,
Where the steep and winding pathway
Scarcely sees the light of day,
And before the hunter, near,
Flies the swift gazelle in fear.

Climbing with a breezy motion,
On the ribs of rock she clings ;
O'er the deeply yawning fissures
With a lightsome bound she springs ;
And the hunter from below
Follows with his deadly bow.

Now she's gained a rocky splinter,
Hanging from its highest steep ;
There she sees the pathway vanish,
And before the dreadful deep ;—
She sees the fatal steep below,
And, behind, her cruel foe.

With a look of deepest sorrow
And beseeching agony,
Turns she towards her cruel hunter,
Dumbly pleading with her eye.
In vain : regardless of her woe,
He levels now the deadly bow.

Sudden from a rocky fissure
Rose a form of awful grace ;
'T was the Spirit of the Mountain,
'T was the Genius of the place ;—
And the quivering gazelle
With his hands he shielded well.

Then he turned him towards the hunter,
While his eyes with anger glowed :
“ Must you carry death and sorrow
Clear up here to mine abode ?
Earth has room for all her own ;
Let my beauteous flock alone ! ”

THE CIVIL WAR.

A SERMON BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—PSALM LXXXIII.

Keep not thou silence, O God : hold not thy peace and be not still, O God. For lo ! thine enemies begin to rage : and they that hate thee lift up their heads. They form secret plots against thy people, and consult together against thy chosen ones. " Come," say they, " let us blot them out from the number of the nations, that the name of Israel may be no more remembered." They have consulted together with one consent : they are confederate against thee. The tabernacles of Edom and the Ishmaelites ; of Moab and the Hagarenes ; Gebal and Ammon and Amalek ; the Philistines, with the inhabitants of Tyre. Assur also is joined with them. Make their nobles like Oreb and like Zeeb, yea, all their princes as Zebah and as Zalmunna, who said, " Let us seize on God's habitations." Make them, O my God, like whirling chaff, like stubble before the wind ! As fire consumeth the forest, and as flame setteth the mountains in a blaze, so pursue them with thy tempest and terrify them with thy storm. Cover their faces with shame, that they may seek thy name, O Lord. Let them be confounded ! Yea, let them be put to shame and perish ! That they may know that thy name alone is Jehovah, that thou art the Most High over all the earth.—*Dr. Noyes's Translation.*

LUKE XXI. 19 : — " In your patience possess ye your souls."
1 COR. XVI. 13 : — " Quit you like men : be strong."

WE find indicated in these two passages the two classes of virtues that make up the whole armory of Christian manhood. Each is defective without the other. In the first the Saviour is preparing the minds of his disciples for coming dangers. He describes the ruin that impends already over the Holy City, when the temple should be razed and the splendor of the Jewish state be quenched in Jewish blood. He describes a course of events which they could not turn nor resist, but in the midst of which by " patience " they were to possess their souls, or keep the direction and mastery of their faculties. " Patience " describes a divine

passivity, power of endurance, strength in suffering, borne up by the Almighty arm. It is the virtue of non-resistance holding up, and holding in, when we know that meeting force with force would be unavailing,—a virtue essential in its place and its time, and without which the others would run into blind madness and fury.

But there is another virtue which must go along with this and complement it. There is a time for active resistance and aggression, and for this the time of waiting, if it have done anything to the purpose, has given us the possession of ourselves. The first virtue nerves us to endurance when endurance is well. The other nerves us to conflict and victory. The first classifies under what you call the passive virtues, the other under strong and heroic activities. And this is the grand division of those qualities inspired and cherished by the Gospel of Christ,—passive and active. One makes us strong to suffer and to bear; the other makes us strong to do and to conquer. One creates the martyrs, the other creates the missionaries and the heroes.

I do not know that we find anywhere except under the Gospel this high power of passive resistance. Any one can be roused on occasion, and be borne up by the sympathy of crowds and numbers; but only Christian patience bears us serenely and equably through long difficulties, spite of the iron whose rust eats into us. Christianity, we might almost say, creates the passive virtues. The active ones she does not create; but she inspires them, ennobles them, gives them an energy, which is not fitful and transient, but full of the breathings of God's omnipotence.

This truth you will have abundant opportunity to apply. Times are upon us such as this generation has never witnessed. A Red Sea is to be crossed, more deep and more perilous than God's Israel ever crossed before. That this will involve incalculable suffering and disaster, that these in some shape will come home to all of us and touch our dearest interests, is morally certain. I pause at the threshold of this

momentous strife,—not to discuss it, for the time is past for that, but to draw upon the rich and boundless resources of the Gospel we believe in for the truths which must guide us through the whirlpools.

You read enough in the daily prints, you hear enough in the streets of the rumors of war and of the noises from the rising passions of this controversy. I do not wish to take you in that direction on this peaceful Sabbath morning. Rather let us get a position that overlooks the controversy, and command it out of the peace of God.

1. The first view we take from the Christian stand-point is the hearty recognition of a Divine hand in the crisis that is upon us. There is a divinity which has prepared it and shaped it and ripened it. Plainly as if his voice thundered to us out of the heavens, he summons us to this grappling with the sons of Belial. There are conflicts which do not mean anything, because they are simply the collisions of brute force,—barbarism pitted against barbarism. It is all the same whether one side prevails or the other, or whether they eat each other clean up; the world goes on without them as before. History abounds in such warfare. It is not so in a conflict of ideas having its ultimation on the battle-field. That is not a trial of animal strength: it has the breath of a spiritual life in it, for then Satan and God's archangels are at war.

Dismiss the notion, then, that the politicians have got up this strife, or that some balance of parties could have prevented it. The politicians did not mean this. Nobody meant it. There were nineteen millions of people who kept their hands folded, and fasted and prayed and wept that it might be staved off. There were two and a half millions more who took this as a sign that the nation was to fall in pieces for them to build upon the ruins. Even these two and a half millions did not mean war. They did not intend to draw the thunder-cloud above their heads to fork down upon them, with an earthquake under their feet

at the same time. They only thought to carry their point, as they always had done, by very large talking and very loud threatening. It was an old belief that madness is the inspiration of the gods. God used the frenzy of these men for his own great purpose, and the consequence is he has brought the civilization of the continent face to face with its barbarism, and said This or that must and shall carry the day. One must go up, and the other must go down.

So it has been in the revolutions which have had any significance in history. Those that start them do not mean them, but God soon takes the work out of their hands. Luther did not mean to split the Roman Church; he only meant to cleanse it and reform it. Hampden and Pym did not mean to destroy the monarchy of England; they only meant to fetter its prerogative. Even the Parliament soldiers found that, when they first took aim at the king, somehow their guns would not go off. The Wesleys did not mean separation from the English Church; they only meant to shake it out of sleep. The Continental Congress did not mean independence; they only meant redress of grievances. But when the Divine Providence turns the stream of history, it uses men like reeds in the blast, and sweeps whole nations and peoples before the motions of its almighty will. We can look back and say, if this had not happened, or if that other thing had turned otherwise, we should have avoided these calamities; but bear in mind that no happenings and no party action have power to turn the channels of history or to inaugurate an era, unless the age has ripened towards it, and not till the hand of God has struck the hour. I want to bring this point out full and clear, for it strengthens us mightily, and bears us up when we have the full consciousness that we are not acting under the pressure of accidents, nor out of our puny individualism, but that all the winds of God are blowing behind us, and sweeping us on before his face. There are certain limits within which the Divine Governor suffers the purposes of men to have range, and their

plans to rise and fall. But he has his own plan, which covers all these and includes all these, and which cuts the bars of brass in two, and brushes human contrivances out of its path, as it leads on the grand procession of the race.

2. I pass to a second consideration. War is the greatest physical calamity that can come upon a people. And civil war is a calamity greater than any other war. And civil war in this country, with all its young life, with its unbounded resources turned to the work of destruction, will be more calamitous than in any other country on the globe. Let us know this, and be prepared for it. But then there are two kinds of war. There are those which are waged for conquest, for vulgar glory, and they have only one tendency. They deprave the morals, they corrupt the manners, they brutalize the soul, they confuse the moral sense, they sink human nature into the animal. Life thrown away in such strifes as these is not a sacrifice, but a profane offering unto Moloch. But when God reveals to us his clear Almighty Justice, and tells us, Be consecrated to that; be baptized into it for life or for death; make it supreme over life, over property, over ease and pleasure, over everything,—and I do not know of anything more morally sublime than when a whole people take that great idea as their inspiration, and move in serried numbers to its call. It lifts them then out of the selfish ease of luxurious peace, and shows human nature in all its possible grandeur. Better for us and our children to be one of “our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore,” than to be found at this hour thinking chiefly of ourselves, and not of our country, our duty, and our God.

Peace has its dangers as well as war. Its temptations are more subtle,—drugging the conscience, making men sordid and self-seeking, lovers of pleasure, lovers of ease. National degeneracy and moral corruption, creeping inward towards the springs of life, have been fearfully rapid during our fifty years of sleepy prosperity. Our politics, our morals, our religion, our patriotism, all have been infected with the sor-

did spirit of trade. It seemed as if the manhood of the olden times was fast tapering off in the children. Probably it was only the trumpet-blast that could summon us out of this decline, bring us to our feet from our supineness, and sift us in the winnowing breath of the Lord. Patriotism, loyalty, faith in God, faith towards man, mean something when we are called to sacrifice for them. We have boasted of what our fathers did till our holiday rhetoric has become stale. We have declaimed of liberty without knowing its cost, its value, or its meaning.

But as the cannon rolls at last
Its deep and stern reply,
And heavier sleep is coming fast
Than seals the living eye,

we are likely to learn the meaning of words which for a generation have glided thoughtlessly from our tongues.

And there is another benefit which comes to us from a great and overshadowing danger. It hushes our smaller controversies and puts them to rest. It gathers us heart to heart and hand to hand, and so it knits every man closer to his neighbor than before. Peace, plenty, and leisure bring out all the discords, foment all the differences which arise from minor interests, and tend to put every man on his little rock of independence. Great dangers draw us together. They silence our little disputes "as a clap of thunder hushes the noise of a rookery." Now every man must be a part of every other man. Only one pulse must beat through us all, and the weakest must be sheltered in the great bosom of our humanity. If there is any voice that comes articulate out of the peril it is this: "Forget all other disputes,—merge all the smaller questions in the great one. Move with one step when you march. Keep in solid ranks when you stand, and the wave shall beat over you in vain." Let us remember then, in the great struggle that is before us, that war is not unmixed evil, but the summoner and the trier of the divinest virtues, and the inspirer of noble humanities.

3. I must pass to another topic. The Christian stand-point commands a view of results. It enables us to look over the smoke and see what lies beyond this controversy,—in the words put into the mouth of John Adams, “to see through this day’s business.” We may not know who will have the forts. One thing we do know, for we can see from the grand outlines of God’s Providence what sort of a country lies on the other side of the Red Sea we are to cross over.

It has been very truly said, that no ship ever went down with Christ on board. He never sinks. For eighteen hundred years, by seeming defeats and bafflings, his cause has won its way, and out of every cloud that has obscured him, he has broken forth with a more conquering splendor. Steadily through all these ages he has been rolling back the darkness of the ancient barbarism; creating a more heavenly style of civilization; raising up the masses into light and privilege; throwing new guards around individual rights and making them more sacred; showing the divine end of government in educating and elevating all its subjects; showing the value of the human soul over all its trappings; making the earth bright with the hopes and vocal with the songs of a redeemed and advancing humanity. You can trace all this in every step of its widening and brightening course;— how it triumphed over the corrupt classic civilization and abolished it; how in its next step it triumphed over feudalism and broke its power; how in its next stage it triumphed over despotism, waving the Great Charter, not over the barons, but over all the people; and this inaugurated the modern age, and all Europe is yielding before it now, from the Bay of Biscay to the frozen steppes of Asia. Even the tramp of its armies do not hinder, but help it on. When governments will not bend to it, they break in pieces like a potter’s vessel. When churches get in the way of it, they split with schisms or turn to petrifications. Can anybody imagine that we here in these United States are to be an ex-

ception to the great law of progress,—that a whole continent is to be remanded to the twelfth century in the noon of the nineteenth,—that the sun is to set in the east, and the dial-shadow of time go back six hundred years on its plate? No! We are perfectly sure that now, as from the beginning, the commotions and the revolutions are the Christ of history, rising and shaking the dust from his garments that he may appear again, white as the light and more terrible than the lightning to his foes. I do not pretend to know just what form our future is to take; we know this well enough, that constitutional liberty and spiritual Christianity, which is its handmaid, are to rise out of the false conditions that have beset them and held them down, into more complete success, and as a brighter omen to the groping travellers of time. And we, who are but the ephemera of the hour, ought to reckon ourselves and our sacrifices as nothing, if so be God uses them to prepare the way for his advancing.

4. Let me urge still another topic upon your attention. These times make us feel how important it is that we draw nearer the Unseen Powers. Courage degenerates into mere bravado unless replenished all the while by lofty communings. Gather thicker and closer around the altars of prayer. Go down from the Mount of Communion to meet the emergencies that may come. If you have needed in peace the hope, the strength, the inspiration of Christian faith, much more will you need them in the perplexing change of revolution. Twenty millions of people, all kneeling to receive the spirit of the Lord and then rising again “wrapped round with Jehovah’s will,” would wield the arms of Omnipotence. Be faithful to your altars if you would have God upon your side. Say nothing and do nothing that you may not carry up to him in prayer. Let the love of the dear old Commonwealth, hallowed in every inch of its surface by the holy dust that sleeps beneath,—a love made intense by the ancestral spirit that breathes hot upon you from behind,—let this warm all your hearts and make them flow together into one. Let the

love of Fatherland, which God is purging, but not forsaking, whose wheat, be assured, he will bring out clean and whole from under the flails of his threshing-floor and the swift winnowings of his resistless winds,— let this love be strong and embracing as ever, and let not its fervors have the least tinge of the bitterness of revenge. There are two reasons why we should not hate our enemies now. We are sure to beat them ; and we are sure they need it, and that it will do them good. Their delusion had become chronic, that courage is measured by boasting and threatening, and that to be peaceful is to be weak and pusillanimous. Now that we have undertaken to set them right, the lesson should be enforced so thoroughly that it will not need to be repeated for a century. Fire-arms should not be resorted to except in the last extremity ; but when they are resorted to, their work should be done swift and thorough and clean. They teach terrible lessons, but they have the merit of being long remembered. Go to this battle, then, in the name of God and in the love of humanity ; go like Gideons, believing that God is with you and urging you on ; strike no half-blows, fire no blank cartridges, but put all your souls into your deed ; for the surer you aim and the harder you hit, the more quickly will you cut your way to a solid and enduring and glorious peace.

LEARN and remember, therefore, to have thy greatest care for thy noblest part ; furnish it with grace, knowledge, the fear and love of God, faith in Christ.

I WOULD not have you meddle with any recreations, pastimes, or ordinary work of your calling, from Saturday night, at eight of the clock, till Monday morning. For though I am not apt to think that Saturday night is part of the Christian Sabbath, yet it is fit then to prepare the heart for it.

A RAPSODIE.

SHE looked again at the window, and then hastily rose from her seat. Surely something struck the glass! Evelyn had no fear of robbers or burglars. Besides, it was only ten o'clock at night, and a bright moonshine. The shade had not been pulled down as usual, and Evelyn had twice before stood and looked out on the lawn, which, brightened by the moon-rays, was white, as if covered with snow. An August night, although chilly, does not quite bring that.

One glance at her sleeping husband, who, weary, as American husbands are wont to be, with the day's labor, bestowed unhesitatingly this form of companionship as soon as the evening paper had been read,—one thought of the boys in the nursery,—and one affectionate and most contented glow went over her face. “I do believe I am the happiest woman in the world!” was expressed in a half-sob, as she lightly passed by the sofa and looked out. Certainly, a figure was there,—within a foot of the window, and tapping very softly against the pane of glass. At first, Evelyn mistook it for the larch-tree, so gentle was the sound, as if a twig only hit against it; but looking more intently, and noticing that no wind disturbed the rest of the foliage in sight, she came to see the figure as it revealed itself. Oddly enough she made out the form between the larch and locust; the outlines of both serving to define a form so transparent, that it seemed impossible to bring it within the range and comprehension of ordinary vision in any other way. The arms were raised above the head, and one hand pointed heavenward.

Evelyn gazed steadily and curiously at the form. If anybody had told her she could have stood confronting a spiritual shadow, endeavoring to understand and comprehend the possibility of its existence, and wondering at the ease with which, availing itself of known and visible objects, it manifested itself through their limitations to the human

senses, she would not have believed such a condition of the nerves possible; for, as she said, she was a great coward.

Singularly enough, fear did not once occur to her. In the quiet parlor lay, asleep, her human defender; tall and strong he was, and with abundant reserved power against ghost or robber. For the rest, it was but a woman, looking in at the window. But such a woman!

Over the broad serene brow were wreathed white azaleas, lilies, and roses in profusion. The extended arms clasped and trained, with every movement, these exuberant silvery blossoms, that twined and bent again to the floating lines of her form in every possible sinuosity. The eyes and the up-raised hands had the same silvery brightness and clear unearthly beauty. Evelyn gazed into the eyes, and remembered the same expression in Scheffer's wonderful picture of Monica. The same divine radiance illuminated the eyes, which seemed to borrow brightness from the heaven to which they looked.

"Arthur!" she whispered to her sleeping husband, without moving. Somehow, she felt as if by taking her eyes from the figure it would "thaw and dissolve itself into a dew"; that the power lay in herself to keep the impalpable atoms in a shape sufficiently condensed to be perceived by another. So, without letting go her fixed gaze, she continued to whisper, "Arthur! look! come!"

There was no voice, not even a movement of the delicate pale lips, that seemed daguerrotyped in exquisite lines on the air; but instead, an expression that needed no words, and to which an intuition sprang answeringly from her own excited fancy. Was it fancy, indeed? The face was more real than the sound of musical tones that thrill the soul to bliss or agony. It was there, before her, to be seen, if she so willed. Even as she gazed, the figure without her volition moved,—the arms crossed, and the head bent on the breast, like an adoring angel from the divine pencil of Fra Angelica, who painted also what he saw. A thought of this kind might have suggested the misty white glory by which

the face seemed surrounded ; the unsubstantial yet definite cornice beneath the floating feet, and an association of something picture-like and allegorical in the moving figure before her. Evelyn felt herself to be in a presence above and beyond her own most subtle imagination ; — a celestial substance informed and sublimed with holy ecstasy. Life immortal seemed written on the beautiful serene brow, — pure, sacred, awful. Evelyn shrank, and bowed with a shudder at herself. She was not drawn by any inward sympathy towards the ineffable beauty before her. It was very strange ! With a vague terror, she called again, but hardly above her breath, “ Arthur ! look ! look ! ”

The shape seemed to hear and understand her, for the eyes fell to a level with her own, and a pensive smile looked out from the cold, silver face. Then the eyes again sought heaven in adoring rapture, as if only for a moment diverted to earth. And then, through the transparent medium, Evelyn for the first time perceived the landscape beyond.

With intense interest she tried to trace the familiar objects of lawn, tree, distant spire and mountain ; the vista to which her eye was accustomed at the parlor-window. Was there a glamour over all ? or why did each fair proportion seem inverted, — the ugly poplar and the fir-trees heap themselves into masses of rich foliage, and the shadows beneath form themselves into vast caverns of obscurity, into which no eye could penetrate ? That familiar cherry, and the altheas always there, like the household, — whither had they shrunk ? Over all had come, with the moonlight, an unearthly change, — most of all, of relative proportion. It was as if she looked at a new landscape, full of mysterious and fateful possibilities. Then she remembered it had looked so once to her before, — the first time that Arthur had brought her, to brighten the beautiful home he had prepared for her, and to which they had not come till the evening. She remembered that he had said then the place needed the morning light ; and how they had stood at this window and gazed out

into the groups of trees, and fancied jungles and caverns, and told merry, silly stories, each merrier than the last.

And here a curious phenomenon occurred. The face, which during the time of Evelyn's hurried retrospection had kept its impassive expression of rapture, changed. Evelyn half wished to dismiss the phantom, but felt herself fixed immovably to the spot. She had no experience of this kind of ocular illusion. She felt herself to be wide awake, and as she stood distinctly heard the full and steady breathing of her husband. Her uneasiness was not caused merely by her own position, so far as it regarded the figure, which she continued to feel, in some sort, was within her own control ; as if she could say to it, "No farther!" whenever it should come to be an annoyance, instead of a pleasure. But now, the earth, the sky, the universe itself, seemed to be undergoing a change, in harmony with the spectral illusion before her. From the zenith, like a heavenly pavilion, folds of rose-color spread to the farthest horizon, while the whole sky pulsated and blushed like a conscious thing, and the live stars peeped dimly from behind the magnificent curtain. This airy tapestry of brilliant color reached even to the ground near the house, and bathed in its glowing crimson every earthly object.

In the diffusion of warm light, the shape between the trees melted and glowed with a different beauty and expression, if, indeed, it had not quite changed places with a new object. Where was the holy rapture, the divine abstraction, that had been seated on the silver forehead, and had shone in the deep eyes of the angelic shape? Gone. And in its place a rosy, warm, blushing figure, bending over infancy, and hushing, with a rocking movement to and fro, every restless stir.

Evelyn gazed first at the glorious heavens, and then at the shape of living, loving beauty before her. The aurora borealis, that seemed to have left its icy home and come to see what warmth and splendor might be found in other skies,

had a few nights before wakened herself and Arthur with its gorgeous rays. Back again it had come ; and this,—was it the symbol of the aurora, radiant and impalpable ? No ; it seemed something one could touch, clasp, love ! A tender brightness rested under the half-closed eyelids,—a sweetness that was supplied by an ever-bubbling fountain at the heart,—lips full, soft, and bounteous with affectionate mysteries,—and all tender, gentle, clinging, happy, and human !

This was the tangible round form at which Evelyn now gazed with such a sense of deep pleasure and sympathy as drew her involuntarily forward. Bloom, verdure, color, warmth, and freshness ! Her own blood leaped lightly to her heart and danced to the ends of her fingers. There, too, were the boys, Arthur and Willie, lying in the bosom of the drooping figure, as the babies lie in the arms of Thorwaldsen's Morning, while in the perspective rose multitudinous angelic heads, as if the universe were peopled with joyful thoughts and smiling affections. It was a moving picture, that seemed a sweet reality, and spoke in deep undertones to the core of her heart.

" Give me Life," she murmured, " and let who will take Immortality ! "

She had not uttered a word aloud ; but her own soul had spoken, and she started at the inward sound. More, when the figure raised its eyes, and she saw in their deep blue the reflection of her own. It was as if she had looked into a mirror.

" Arthur ! Arthur ! " she still called, with the inward voice, which she instinctively felt was the only one he could hear. He was there, with her thought and wish, gazing fondly on the group, and looking smilingly at her eyes, as he often did, and smoothing the wavy bands of her crisped hair, and telling her how glad Correggio would have been to have had such locks to paint ; and then she remembered the same head and face in his *Madonna of the Lake*, and blushed and

laughed, partly at her own vanity and partly with happy pride that her husband rejoiced in her beauty.

"Ours are sweet little angels, are they not, Arthur?" said Evelyn, with a woman's insatiable desire for demonstrative affection.

"Yes, Evelyn, sweet pictures," answered Arthur; "but you must remember they are only pictures. They are *their* angels, perhaps, that do stand always before the Father."

At this moment Evelyn's blood was stopped in its channels, and a cold shudder came over her body. She looked up wildly.

"What is it, Evelyn? you frighten me!" said Arthur.

But Evelyn, without a word, sprang out of the room, through the long hall, up the long staircase that seemed as if it never would end, still pursued by the hoarse, stifled sound that almost every mother knows, and those who do not weep shudder at! At last the room was reached,—the bed on which lay the little boys, suffering and half strangled with that frightfullest monster, croup. Only an hour before and Evelyn had herself placed them with her own hands in their warm nest, healthy, happy, softly-breathing as birds,—and now! A long tumult,—it seemed ages,—Arthur gone for a physician,—hurried steps and knocks, and rushings up and down the stairs,—then the kind face of the doctor, already opening the lancet as he came in at the door,—he had caught the sound below of the breathing,—the blood flowing freely from each of the white necks,—Arthur holding her,—the purple faces changing,—the time, O how long!—fairer yet! and now white! Then the doctor's cheerful tone of relief and safety, and asking Arthur to cut a bit of sticking-plaster, and Evelyn for a bit of linen. Her senses swayed back again, which had been wellnigh lost in terror and anguish,—she became alert and ready with hope; only despair had palsied her,—and now they were safe! safe! She repeated the words, in low, cooing tones, over the beautiful pale faces, after the doctor had said they had better be left to rest, and the mother likewise.

How often after that dreadful summons did Evelyn's heart quake as she listened for the breathings of her children in the night. Never were all the senses left to repose. Eye or ear kept watch, or the sensitive nerves of feeling sprang and throbbed with quick fear. The world came to seem to her like a great forest, full of wild beasts and creeping things, to poison or devour. Till they should be old enough, her Herculean brood, to strangle serpents, how must the mother's heart and eye watch wakefully for the hisses that herald the Destroyer's coming. In her intense fear of death, Evelyn had almost ceased to enjoy life. In her terror of heights lest they should fall, of depths lest they should be crushed, of water lest they should be drowned, or of fire lest they were burned, she hovered incessantly about her children, as though the wings of her love could overshadow and protect them from the Inevitable.

At last it came. Softly, mercifully, with many warnings unheeded, many symptoms that would not be understood, feverishness that would soon be over, weakness that would soon be strength, pining, and loss of all the sweet roundness and grace of infancy. Then, in his own time, the Father gathered them for his own garden, and the white-lined coffins held the waxen shapes covered with fair lilies and azaleas, and the room was full of death and grief and blossoms.

From the stupor of sorrow, no voice could charm Evelyn. Life and death became alike to her,—the world dark with the shadow of a thick pall. She wished there were no sunshine nor green. She came to look with dread on the sparkling stars that glimmered mockingly in their distant happiness. She shrank even from the thought of consolation. Happiness she neither looked to, nor wished for. In the perverted condition of her feelings,—let it rather be said, her distressful and unnatural depression,—she said only, "Would God it were morning!" with the night, and "Would God it were evening!" with the day. Every detail

of her children's illness, every symptom she had not seen and ought to have guarded against, all she had not done, and even all she could not do, rose before her as a constant reproach. One thought dug into her very soul, like the claws of a wild beast in a living victim. Death and its fore-runners had a terrible attraction, of which she was never weary.

In this distress, the common consolations of friends and kindred fell on deaf ears. Arthur's mournful eyes, as they inquired, in the words of the Scripture narrative, "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" looked in vain for an answer to hers, so red with weeping, and so heavy with a sense of darkness and desolation.

So passed on the dreary weeks, while the aching void grew all the more dark and painful; and Arthur shuddered lest the tension on the nerves and brain should be a fatal injury. Evelyn herself often wished it might be so.

She was wont to sit at the same parlor window, where, in the preternatural light of that splendid aurora, she had seen, with what now seemed half a volition of her own, the graceful forms of her children, folded and cherished in the bosom of life. She longed to see once more, even at the risk of a whirling brain, that beatific vision.

In time, the weariness of his silent home oppressed Arthur so much, that he sought relief abroad; and Evelyn was left, gladly, to her lonely watching and musings by the window. From continual expecting and associating a vision with the spot, she never looked at the space between the larch and locust without seeing with more or less vividness the outlines of an impalpable shape. Gazing as if her eye-strings would crack, she endeavored to project on the misty space before her the fair young forms that lay in her heart.

"O but once to look at them! but once to see my Arthur's blue eyes! my Willie's lips!"

At last, her husband came less and less to his home, and as the weary weeks went by, and affliction still sat like a

raven on his hearth, Arthur thought, as some men do, that no good could be done by staying; and so went away to distant lands. In the intervals of hearing from him, harsh voices grated on the ear of the deserted wife, and sharp insinuations cut into her benumbed sensibilities. She could still feel pain, shame, and anger. Enough of that suffering came to her; but her eyes were bent downward and inward, with the pertinacity of self-accusation, which only completed her misery.

One evening, it was a year after the August night, when she had seen the heavens and the earth bathed in supernal glory, and the wide space peopled with angelic forms, Evelyn sat again at her parlor window. The moon rode brightly in the deep blue of the heaven,—the earth was “steeped in silentness,” and a sculptural beauty, colorless and sharply definite, made every object look monumental to her mournful gaze.

She looked, as she was wont, to the space between the trees, which she had come to feel was fateful to her. Whether her fancy suggested an incantation as a suitable accompaniment to such a ghostly representation as she looked for; whether she sang herself, unmindful of the song, as she afterwards thought was possible; or whether, as it seemed to her, there was really a low music slowly ascending from the plat of grass under the window;—at all events, to her ear there was music near, below, around, then gathering itself as it were into a musical shape between the trees; and so solemn and expressive, that to the listening ear it was as palpable as if addressed to the eye.

Evelyn began to distinguish the meaning and intent of the music. The hidden form that had dwelt before her, dark and inscrutable to her longing soul through all these weary months, was about to reveal itself. The silver sweetness of the forehead already shone in the moon’s rays, and every moment rendered clearer the beautiful and unearthly figure. The same feeling of the presence of a dim cathedral aisle,

and of angelic sculpture, which she remembered before, united with the low symphony to give character to the gracious and beatific form. With intense emotion, she watched for words she felt must come to her, and poured out in her turn the refrain from her own struggling and burdened heart. Then, listening to herself, she heard her own low lamentation,—“I lift up my feet unto the perpetual desolation!” Then she waited for an answer, as if she were repeating the church service.

But from the open lips of the shadowy being there came only an adoring fulness of sound; not even an indirect reference, to the unhappy Evelyn. Again from her heart wailed once more the sorrowful words, “He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth this cloud upon it.”

Still from the lips, like silver harpings, the music came, holy and solemn. In some way this brought calm to Evelyn. Even in the expression of her trouble she found soothing. Her sobs and tears, the heart turbulence which had kept her as in a vortex, always tending towards the central sorrow of bereavement, brought in some measure their own relief. There was a pause and a hush in her soul.

The sweet low sounds, “He is afflicted in all the afflictions of his children,” melted into Evelyn’s heart. Then she distinctly saw the same lovely form on which she had gazed a year ago, and to which she had given the name of Life, turning slowly and softly away, and gently rising beyond the trees. The infant shapes she had so longed to see were gathered tenderly to her bosom,—the same! the same fond, angelic expression of maternal love! the joyous group was ascending to higher regions! Then, the wonderful music in all the air said, and the beautiful baby lips said,—“A little while, and you shall not see us,—a little while, and you shall: because we go to the Father!”

The smile and the glow of immortal love sat on their brows. They were gone—beyond the stars! was not that a heaven to look forward to?—the cradle of her babes, the

bowers of eternal beauty, where she might one day walk with them?

Evelyn fell on her face, and read the riddle of life. The immortal, shaped and colored by human love, no longer knocked in vain at her heart. God, who had taken her treasures, beckoned no more to unwilling affections. The heavy torpor of the past rose mist-like from the shrouded soul, and left the clearly defined path before her. "This is the way, walk thou in it!" sounded in the air, in the trees, in the night, and the singing of stars.

Evelyn still lay prone on her face, listening to the inward voice, and feeling for the first time the dreary isolation and remoteness which had so long divided her from her husband. Arthur was—where?—she had not even asked, for months! But she knew she was no longer in the echoless cavern of despair; that the path was before her. Her foot already took the first step.

"Towards my husband, my duty!" she exclaimed; and then, as the old tide surged over her, so long forgotten, of warm, healthful affections, she sprang forward and upward, stretching out her arms to the vacant air, and sobbing like a weary, spent child.

As if the universe rejoiced with her, in her first returning step to duty, the air became full of bells, pealing in richest profusion of sound, heralding, gladdening, and welcoming her on her path. She felt her arms close round a real, substantial form, and heard a voice, uttering her name in tones of lively remonstrance.

"Child!—my dear! Willie is screaming for you to nurse him! Wake up!"

Instead of darting up stairs, however, Evelyn stared with a sort of bewildered gladness at Arthur; then went to the parlor window and looked out.

"That boy will be down upon you, Evelyn, if you are not there in half a minute! and there's Arty in full peal!" said Arthur, laughing.

"Yes—yes!—yes—" murmured Evelyn, still looking out. "But where's the larch-tree?"

"What larch-tree, little woman? There never has been an article of the sort there, that I know of!" said Arthur.

"Nor locust either, I suppose," said Evelyn.

"There he goes again! What a set of lungs!"

"I've had the strangest dream, Arthur,—shall I tell it to you?" entreated Evelyn.

But it would be to suppose Arthur a superhuman husband, that he should listen to anybody's dream. He only yawned fearfully.

"Not you! I'll go dream myself. I'll dream something worth two of yours. You're a pretty sort of mother, letting your boy scream at this rate for his natural food! I'll go and give him a cigar to quiet him." Arthur ran up stairs before her, and took the hungry boy in his arms.

Evelyn never was able to induce her husband to listen to her dream. In vain she assured him it was good as a play, and better than a moral lecture. He only held up both hands in deprecation, and, on her continuing to stand with lips apart, threatened to confound her with his own dreams, which were a hundred times better and longer than hers. She had no resource but to write it off, and try if some patient eye would read what no ear is patient enough to listen to.

C. A. H.

I HAVE been acquainted somewhat with men and books, and have had long experience in learning and in the world; there is no book like the Bible for excellence, learning, wisdom, and use; and it is want of understanding in them that think or speak otherwise.

THIS is the great art of Christian chemistry, to convert those acts that are natural and civil into acts truly religious; whereby the whole course of this life is a service to Almighty God, and an uninterrupted state of religion, which is the best and noblest, and most universal redemption of his time.

MOSES THE SERVANT OF GOD.

FOREMOST amongst prophets and providential men through whom the loving purposes of God have been executed in the world we find Moses, the great leader and lawgiver of the Jewish people. Abraham indeed, an earlier name, is the father of the faithful, witnessing by his pilgrimages from the land of idolatry to the land of promise for Him who is living and true, First and Last; but with Moses begins the nationality of the Jews, of whom, said our Lord, is Salvation, to whom, said Paul, "pertaineth the adoption and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the Law, and the service of God, and the promises, whose are the Fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came." Our Lord spoke of Moses as in some true sense the prophet of his coming, and of the Gospel as the fulfilment of the Law. The old dispensation was the cradle of the new; and as Christ unfolded to his wondering companions on the road to Emmaus the things in the ancient Scriptures concerning himself, so we recur to them still, under the guidance of the Spirit which makes the books of the Revelation one Book, that we may instruct and increase our faith. It is our wish now so to call attention to the wonderful story of Moses, and to set forth as clearly as may be his relations to God and to man. His relations to God, "for what hast thou that thou hast not received?" his relations to man, for he who truly receives becomes in that very hour a giver.

Every good and perfect gift is from above. We do not find God until God has first found us. We do not love God until God has first loved us. He is the Author of our salvation. "At sundry times and in divers manners He spake in times past to the fathers by the prophets." Faith is not by self-development, but by Divine inflowing. The Spirit comes to us, and then we live in and by the Spirit. So when the world's day begins to dawn, He in whom body and soul

alike have their being provides and bestows, manifests himself and calls, it may be even in an outward glory, it may be even with articulate speech, writes laws upon the heart and upon the rock, becomes the Captain of the host, and by signs and wonders subdues to himself and defends against enemies the half-willing leader and the unwilling people of his sovereign choice. And we shall see how manifestly a loving Providence watched over the infancy and childhood of the great lawgiver, and how the God that was with him in the beginning beset him behind and before in the whole way of his life, went before and followed him into the wilderness, spake to him out of the flaming bush, witnessed for him in the miracles wrought before Pharaoh, opened the path for the host through the Red Sea, came down to him in the thunders and lightnings and Divine utterances of Sinai, and at last made his grave upon the confines of that land of promise which he might not press with his feet. We shall see how the chosen and called of God met in all faithfulness, though at first with fear and trembling, these gracious approaches of the Eternal, and freely gave as he had freely received, and enriched a needy world with the heavenly treasure of divine truth, and raised up a people unto His praise.

Go back to the land of Egypt some sixteen hundred years before the coming of Christ. Compared with our Christendom, the land was a land of darkness; and yet there was light, at least amongst a favored few of that strange people, whose wisdom was a proverb amongst the ancients and the wonder of antiquity. We have no time to tell of Egyptian marvels; of a civilization which was very old even in the days of Herodotus, the father of history, some four or five hundred years before Christ; of the boast of antiquity made by the priests of Thebes, Memphis, and the City of the Sun, covering a period of more than eleven thousand years; of the pyramids, and the labyrinth, and the artificial Lake Moeris, and the wonderful temples. We can only remind the reader

that at the time of which we speak there dwelt in the land of Egypt a tribe of slaves, of Syrian origin, the descendants of a family which had originally been driven from their home on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean by severe and protracted famines. Their ancestors were invited and honored guests, for one of their number, Joseph, had rendered signal service to the land of Egypt; but four hundred years had effaced the remembrance of the service, whilst the rapidly increasing number of the strangers had awakened the jealousy of the reigning Pharaoh; and then, it is likely, as ever since, the Hebrew, true to the decree which had set him apart, would still be a stranger. The rulers of this world were satisfied that the time had come to crush a people so dangerous, and, as is ever the case, the wicked blindly wrought the righteous will of Heaven. The king enjoins that every male child of the servile race shall be cast into the Nile. Perhaps this decree was enforced only at intervals, when anxiety made the fearful cruel; however this may be, it was pressed at the time of the birth of Moses, and the mother committed her precious babe to the River of Egypt. It was a critical moment,—one of those moments which ought to satisfy the reader of history that God reigns, and that we are never forsaken by him. Think of it! the hope of the Hebrew people—yes, of the world—laid up in that little child!—a fearful thought, even in the most favorable circumstances, were there no Providence, for how many perils threaten the first years of every life, and how light a touch will throw into hopeless disorder those delicate springs! Here the only chance for life was exposure to death! Here the only trust was what in other circumstances had been a tempting of God! But there is a Divine Purpose, and there is a Divine Providence which accomplishes it. The angel for whose coming the mother sorrowfully prayed, came in the form of the Egyptian princess. The child, singularly beautiful, according to the tradition, was saved, drawn from the water, therefore called Moses,

and, though born a slave, was trained in all the wisdom of the dominant race. The Scripture account is touchingly simple. "And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children." So the vessel of wrath and destruction became a very ark of safety unto the child of God, and that great life of labor and sorrow, of success and glory, was rescued from the impending doom.

Pass now from Moses in the bulrushes to Moses in the wilderness and at the burning bush. Of the early life of the famous lawgiver, the book of Exodus affords us scarcely a glimpse, rather suggesting than asserting what we learn from New Testament sources, that he was thoroughly trained in the wisdom of that age and land. Josephus describes him as a successful general and the husband of an Ethiopian princess; but in our sacred history he appears rather in conflict with the Egyptian authorities,—as a rebel and an outlaw, who fled for safety to the land of Midian, a region which would be included between the two arms of the Red Sea and a line that should extend from Suez to Akaba. It covers a considerable part of Rocky Arabia. Here, in deep seclusion and occupied with a very humble task, the servant of God was taught to wait. During some of the best years of his life he was put, as it were, to a common day-school to be educated by the lowliest labors. He would have ruled and blessed men, and God set him to keep sheep. He would have gone forth with the multitude, and God bade him go out alone. He would have defended the rights of man and rescued his tribe from bondage, but God bade him aid feeble women in the discharge of a quiet domestic trust. He would have battled with Pharaoh, and God sent him to live with Jethro. For the Lord would have us know that the commonest task is significant and instructive, and he himself lived on earth many years in the form of a servant before he said, "I am the Son of God, the Anointed." It

must be especially true of all who are sent into the world to be guides of men, that they should be providentially brought into sympathy with the common life of mankind, that by actual experience they should learn the wants of those whom they propose to aid. The land of Midian, the roving herdsmen, Jethro, Zipporah and her sons, were quite as valuable to the future lawgiver as the wisdom of the Egyptian schools, and supplied far more promising ground for the seed from heaven to spring from. Moreover, all these long years were needed to cure Moses of conceit and self-will, and the arrogant assumption that his defeat was God's defeat. He had tried to help his countrymen in his own way, and had signally failed. He had acted from passion more than from conviction, and nothing—worse than nothing—had come of it. And so by degrees it came home to him, with the might of a personal experience, that God's ways are not our ways, and that when we have pronounced a work impossible, then precisely does the Lord take it up, and make us strong with his strength to begin anew and carry on the task to a glorious completion.

It was God's purpose to redeem his own people in his own peculiar way; not as nation contendeth with nation, but as the Lord goeth forth to war. This deliverance of the children of promise, the race out of which the Son of Man and the Son of God should come, must be so ordered that through all following ages discerning men would see in it a marvel and a sign, a monument unto that Divine Providence which, though ever as real, is rarely as conspicuous in the world's affairs. For such a deliverance a captain must be trained. The inward ear must be unstopped; the inward eye must be opened. Supernatural revelations demand always a preparation of the soul, a power to receive,—call it, if you please, receptivity. You remember that amongst a certain class of persons Jesus would work no miracles. So Moses was put to a severe novitiate. Less would have sharpened the sword of the warrior, and have fitted him for

an unsuccessful revolt. He needed a life of wearying discipline to make him a true and successful servant of God. For God begins where we finish, and what we call failures may be his successes, and he is chiefly desirous to bring us to holy ground and to open vision, whether on this side of or beyond the veil.

But the years of probation are drawing to an end. The guide, the prophet, the teacher of the people, must be set forth. That eventful day, the issues of which are acknowledged by all Christendom to this hour, and shall be felt through all time, the day on which the Jewish dispensation was to be inaugurated, came at last. In his journeyings through the country of Midian, seeking pasturage, Moses had come to Mount Horeb with no purpose beyond the care of his father's flock. He was doing, after the most familiar manner, the nearest duty. He had passed just such days in number more than he could tell of, and from the rising to the going down of the sun nothing had come about which called for a record; but the time of waiting was over. As he moves over the fertile and beautiful slope, and gathers consolation for his lonely heart from the lovely prospect, his eye is caught by an exceeding and strange brightness, beyond the splendor which, as we may suppose, the sunlight was pouring upon every tree and shrub. A bush in his pathway blazed up with a preternatural glow; and yet, strange to tell, it was not burned. Such a light Elisha looked upon when Elijah was caught away from him in the flaming chariot. Such a light fell upon the eyes of the disciples, when the Saviour was transfigured before them, and his raiment became exceeding white, so as no fuller upon earth could whiten it. It was but a little gleam of that full splendor which lies all about us, hidden behind those veils of sense that are mercifully interposed until the full time for open vision has come. The shepherd pauses, as he well may. It is an angel of the Lord. It is one of the heavenly host, the messenger and representative of the

Supreme Lord, and his holy presence hallows the ground, and makes it sacred, like the pavement of the Lord's temple.

And now, whilst the marvellous sight which has arrested his attention fills him with amazement, he hears a voice calling his name, and bidding him put off his shoes from his feet, and bear himself as in a sanctuary and near the holy of holies. Thus, by his messenger, God reveals himself to the chosen leader and lawgiver of his people, then afflicted, degraded, and oppressed; but destined soon to be victorious over their tyrants. The word which first reached the ear of Moses must have filled him with joy. He had heard of One in whom his fathers trusted, and from whom they had received very precious promises, the remembrance of which had not quite died out from the hearts of the people. In this God of his fathers he had ever believed, through all his sad and discouraging experience, more firmly, it may be, than ever, after all his disappointments. Now he knows that God lives and reigns, and pities and succors as of old. He has not forgotten the poor slaves in Egypt. He has come down to lead them forth and guide them safely into the ancient home of their fathers. So far it was wholly glad tidings. He had been saying now for years to Jethro and Zipporah, that there could be no deliverance save by the hand of God; and now this wondrous voice, coming from the midst of a splendor before which he had veiled his face, had confirmed the word. God would set them free. But by whom? Must not man work with him and for him, and become his servant? Even the future prophet would seem hardly to have realized this necessity. There was a revulsion of feeling in the heart of Moses when the message ended not with a promise, but with a summons. "Come now, therefore, and I will send *thee* unto Pharaoh, that *thou* mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

We must pause upon the lesson a moment. It is very significant. If only we could know our duty, we say, — could

it only be announced to us by the voice of God, written out before our eyes in blazing letters,—how should we welcome the announcement! But what said Moses, even after all that waiting and uncertainty? “Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt.” Even in the clearest light of truth, and with the most imperative Divine commands falling upon our ears, we hesitate to give ourselves up to God, we fear to become his instruments, we tremble lest we should be shattered against the iron and rock of stubborn opposition, or crushed by the very hand that wields us. We see instinctively that more blessedness than happiness must be in store for the servant of God, and that whilst the inward life is a life of rest in him, the days which are measured by the rising and the setting of the sun shall be consumed with wanderings and vexed with numberless and grievous cares. We find, after all, that which we need most is not the knowledge of duty, but the love of duty; a passionate desire to preach and practise the wisdom of the heavenly kingdom. And you may detect in this bearing of Moses, as in so much human experience, a confidence in God as in one who works not with men, but without them, and in their stead. God purposed to deliver the Hebrews, but to deliver them *through him*. His help is not to be an excuse for our helplessness; the abundance of that treasure is not to extenuate, but to enrich, our poverty. Let us say, reverently, and begging that we may not be misunderstood, that even the Almighty pauses and awaits the answer of the laborer whom he has summoned into his vineyard. Will you come? saith God. But Moses, as I say, was appalled by the word which he had often prayed to hear. He begins to raise difficulties, to plead ignorance, to tell of the want of faith which he was sure to encounter amongst those to whom he was to be sent. Many years have gone by since the fathers of the tribe were gathered to the invisible home of all the earth. Living amongst idolaters, the faith of the people in the invisible

Lord had begun to decline, if it had not already died out. He was not sure that he could call by any name that would be intelligible to his countrymen the Being who had sent him for their deliverance. "And Moses said unto God, When they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?" Listen to the answer, coming to us still from the past and out of that great silence: "And God said unto Moses, I am that I am. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."

So did the Absolute Being, the Perfect One, who ever is what he hath been, and who ever shall be what he is, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the Alpha and the Omega, declare himself through sense, putting himself into manifest connection with human history, taking a man and a people under his charge, to be in a peculiar sense their Governor and Helper, until that great day when the Word should be made flesh, and be seen on earth as the visible glory of the invisible God, his only-begotten Son. That announcement at the bush — that announcement, not in the schools of metaphysicians, to studious and inquisitive pupils, but in a world of life and beauty, to one of earth's laborers — was one of the grandest prophecies of the purposed redemption. God writes that mysterious "I am that I am" upon the souls of his children, an inward revelation. The conception which it expresses may have been familiar to the mind of Moses as to the minds of those who wrote out the thought upon the wall of the temple at Sais, or in the Hindoo description of Vishnoo. But here the voice of God claims the name which the finger of God had written. It became a sound for the world's ear. The foundation of religious trust and of moral activity is laid in the very depths of the divine nature. With the most startling distinctness and the calmest authority, the voice falling upon the inner ear gave back to Moses his highest thought of God, his holiest and most precious, — what he had been ready to regard as incomunicable, as too refined for common uses, as not to be mentioned in connec-

tion with a work so earthly as the deliverance of his countrymen,—gave him nothing less than this as the word of power by which he must prevail. And, indeed, there is no other name which can lead us out of any Egyptian bondage, and give us rest at last in the land of promise.

So the servant of God commissioned for his work must return to his people and to Pharaoh their tyrant. He returned to engage in a fearful conflict with one who had hardened himself against the Divine judgments, and to find only an uncertain support from his own slavish and dispirited tribe. But as God had been true, so according to his human measure he was found faithful and ready to impart what had been so freely given to him. Not without tears and blood was the redemption wrought. There were plagues in Egypt, wonders in the Red Sea. "And it shall be," it is written, "when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What is this? that thou shalt say unto them, By strength of hand the Lord brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage." We have no space now to review the story of the miracles which God wrought through Moses. We will only say, that if the reader will study the record, and compare passage with passage, and bear in mind the uncertainty of Hebrew notation, he will find that the book itself supplies some qualifications of the narrative, and suggests considerations which should control a hasty scepticism based upon an over-rigid interpretation of the letter of the marvellous record. We may see reason for reducing the size of the picture, but we shall retain its proportions and shall recognize its wondrous character. The hand of God, ever working in our world, comes out into the light in that tale of fear and wonder. We see that Nature, the orderly and law-abiding, sympathizes with her Creator and Lord, and yields her mighty elements for the fulfilment of his pleasure, breaking down the power of the rebellious, and visiting with swift destruction those who could not be turned from their wicked purpose. The poor Hebrews, save as they are represented

by their lawgiver and high-priest that were to be, scarcely appear upon the scene ; it is a magnificent conflict between the angels of the Almighty and the fiends of pride and selfishness in the hearts of Pharaoh and his magicians, that sought to oppose with juggling arts or to weary out with obstinacy the ministers of Divine justice. At first, and so long as the blows fell but lightly, the parasites of the king made some poor show of imitating the portents which waited upon the word and sign of the man of God. *They did so*, it is written, with their enchantments,—a statement which will not surprise us when we consider the resources of Egyptian magic ; but soon they retire baffled and discomfited. The spawn of the waters and of the air, the pestilence that walks in darkness, the destruction that wastes at noonday, the noxious influences that slay their thousands, the plagues that weary out man and beast, the stormy winds, lightning and tempest and hail, the locust-army,—that people numerous and strong, the land before them as the garden of Eden, and behind them as a desolate wilderness,—an army not to be stayed by the sword, running through the city, running upon the wall, climbing up upon the houses, entering in at the windows like a thief, darkening the sun and moon and hiding the light of the sun in their pathway,—and at last the mysterious symbolic sickening of the first-born, made the feeble doings of the Egyptian priests utterly contemptible, and compelled them to admit, in horror and dismay, that on the side of the oppressed as well as of the oppressor there is power. The day of Jehovah dawns at last, and it is great and very terrible. Who shall be able to bear it ? Hecataeus of Miletus, one of the oldest and most discerning of Grecian historiographers, writing 500 years before Christ, testifies most distinctly that, in obedience to the injunction of an oracle, and to appease the Divine displeasure, the Hebrews went forth from Egypt ; and this we take to be a Gentile testimony to the religious significance of the calamities which then befell that ancient land. The people are suffered to

depart, and are even laden with gifts. And yet the tyrant repents of his repentance, and gives the order to pursue, but only to meet with total and final discomfiture. He who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand opened for his chosen ones a path of safety,—for the oppressor a way of death. The sea covered the Egyptians; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

And so they and we are on our way to Sinai. We are not strangers to the place. It is in the land of Midian, the land of the lawgiver's waiting during so many years. Prominent enough to give a name to the whole peninsula towers the four-fold range of Sinai. The group of mountains to which this name especially belongs includes the peak of Horeb, and so, extending some three miles, rises at its highest point to more than 8,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. It is the easternmost save one of the four ranges, which are separated by deep valleys and water-courses. At the foot of Horeb there stretches a beautiful plain, including a surface of at least one square mile, and well supplied with those living springs which insure surpassing beauty and fertility, the resort still of the wandering Bedouins. The name Sinai is applied sometimes to a district, sometimes to a particular part of a district, sometimes to a mountain-ridge, sometimes to the southern end of this ridge, now called Jebel Mûsa or Moses's Mount. Departing from the tradition with reference to the matter in obedience to geographical requirements, Robinson assigns the promulgation of the law to Horeb, the northern end of the range, where the surrounding space is ample to satisfy all the requirements of the Scripture narrative, the mountain-sides yielding springs of water, and the intervening valleys being clothed with fruitage and beauty. This traveller speaks of a neighboring convent, over 5,000 feet above the sea, with its plantation of olives and its garden of apricots and apple-trees in blossom on the 26th of March. Here was the awful spot where heaven and earth were to be brought together,—where the Lord should be at once manifested and veiled in a thick

cloud,— where the chosen leader and guide should pass days and nights in solemn communings with the invisible Jehovah, and receive the mysterious tablets of the Divine Commandments.

In reading the Scripture story of the giving of the law through the mediation of Moses, we must bear in mind that we are studying the record of one of the greatest epochs in the movements of the Divine Providence, and we must not pause at wonders. That the mountains should tremble under the tread of the Almighty, that the peaks of the everlasting hills should be ablaze, and the smoke thereof ascend as the smoke of a furnace, cannot be reckoned incredible when the Invisible would so speak to the people that they may hear and believe forever. Souls that dwell in bodies, spirits that are incarnate, must be reached through the senses; signs and wonders are God's speech to them. The care with which the people were kept from too near an approach to the blazing mountains shows that we have here something more than mere phenomena, and that they were in danger of more than a ceremonial and conventional sacrilege from contact with a visible holy of holies. For the most part, the communication of the Divine will was made only to the lawgiver, and by his lips was communicated to the people.

Into the details of the communings of the lawgiver with Jehovah it is not possible for us to enter. We can get only glimpses into the thick darkness which encompasses the divinely commissioned leader. From that presence he returned with the law upon his mind and upon his lips; not, perhaps, in all its particulars, but with the fruitful germs of wholesome statutes, and with large applications of large principles,— the Ten Commandments, warnings against idolatry, a prohibition to erect any elaborate altar, which might detain them in the wilderness, and many precepts of justice and humanity, well deserving to be studied and kept even in these Christian days. It was not until Moses had gone again into the awful solitudes of the mount, with only Joshua for

an attendant, that he received the two tables of stone ; two, because the one announces our duty to God, the other our duty to our brethren, and written by the finger of God, an expression which may be illustrated by the word of Jesus, "If I by the finger of God cast out devils," &c. These tablets, you remember, were broken by Moses, in his anger at a subsequent defection and revolt of the people, and the fragments were not preserved, lest superstition should misuse them ; but their place was supplied by other tablets, inscribed, as we are told, by the lawgiver, under Divine guidance. So the law came by Moses, and with it the ritual, which was its needful embodiment, and the childhood of our race was put under tutors and governors. The pupil proved untoward and perverse and slow. Even at the foot of Sinai the people compelled him who was to be the high-priest of the pure faith to fashion for them an idol. Their religion had departed from them with the departure of Moses. They had watched in Egypt the march of Pharaoh's armies, and the image of the sacred calf was borne before the host. These military processions may still be seen depicted upon Egyptian monuments. Why should not they journey to the promised land in like manner ? Those who are inclined to regard the Mosaic ritual as childish, may well learn from this defection how much the Hebrews needed something external,— a tabernacle, if not an idol. Ages of discipline were required to bring the national worship up to their spiritual and pure faith, and the national conscience to the height and compass of the Ten Commandments. There must be scourges and captivities, the blood of martyrs and prophets, the burdens of Elijah and Elisha, of Isaiah and Jeremiah. To him whose story we have been setting down so hastily, there was to be no outward rest; and even after forty years of wandering with a thankless people there should be only a vision of the land of promise. But the good work was begun,— begun though so many of those days of the Lord which are as a thousand years would be required for its consummation. We believe

in the one living and true God to-day, and accept as first principles the moralities of Sinai, because Moses lived and labored; because he was taught of God and listened to his teachings, and spite of weariness and discouragement, and the opposition of those who were to be lifted out of a slavish temper as well as rescued from a slavish condition, he held on his way, and finished the work that was given him to do. It is a noteworthy fact, that even those who have questioned the Mosaic authorship of the first five books of sacred Scripture, are ready to admit that the Ten Commandments are from him. What a glorious legacy were they for one to leave to his people and to his world! For here the training of man must begin, and whether on earth or in heaven one jot or one tittle of the law shall in nowise pass away until all be fulfilled. Only through the law does man know his sinfulness; and only he who knows his sinfulness will be drawn to Him who is first and chiefly the Saviour of sinners. If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments; at least, try to keep them. The practice of duty illustrates the need of faith,—faith in a Redeemer and Saviour. Then grace and truth are welcomed. The last word of the law is, Repent! the first word of the Gospel is, Believe and live! He who wrote the great precepts of religion and of morality upon stone sends his Son in the fulness of the times to write them upon the heart, to show them forth in a complete obedience, to make them possible for us by the frequency of his Spirit. If ye believed Moses, said the Saviour, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me.

In what we have written of the great leader and guide, we have sought neither to raise nor to set aside difficulties in the story or in the interpretation. We have wished rather to witness for a great Divine interposition, and for a splendid example of human faithfulness and service, which are obvious enough to the common mind, and can hardly be put aside even by the sceptical, and must needs quicken and instruct every impressible soul. If any would strengthen

their faith in God and in man, and in Him by whom God and man are reconciled and made one, we point them still, even in these days, to Moses in the bulrushes, to Moses in the wilderness and at the burning bush, to Moses before Pharaoh and the magicians, to Moses coming down from Sinai bearing the tables of the Commandments, and shedding forth from his face a measure at least of that strange light which shone out upon the disciples when he appeared with their Lord upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Unto this day no man knoweth of the resting-place of his body; but he himself—his mind, his spirit—yet speaks, and still accomplishes in the world the appointed work of preparation,—a work which, however strangely delayed, shall go forward, until the kingdom of Christ shall indeed come, and every heart shall confess his Divine power.

E.

WANTS.

THE stirring events and deep anxieties caused by the posture of our public affairs do not, and should not, stifle the deeper cries of the heart for its rest in God. We received, a short time since, the following letter. We hardly know whether it was intended as strictly a private one, or whether we were expected to answer it in these pages. Be that as it may, as it is only a specimen of what we frequently receive, and as its subject involves interests deeply and widely felt, we give it entire.

“ MY DEAR SIR, —

“ My desire for truth must be the excuse of this letter from a stranger. I am connected in religious association with the Unitarians. But their writings and views of the Saviour do not fully satisfy me. I cannot enter into an argument with their able writers, for I am not acquainted with the lan-

guages in which our Scriptures were first spoken. When I read, it seems all very well to the head, but my heart cries out for something more. And the Orthodox views I cannot receive at all. Can you (if I have made myself understood) give me what I want, or give me the key with which I shall be able to unlock, and find that rest or peace which Jesus speaks of when he invited 'all who are heavy laden.' I know he says, 'Come unto me,' and that is it. *Where is he?* And what is he who speaks such words and promises, and is able to fulfil them? Any counsel that you feel able and willing to give will be gratefully received.

"From yours truly,
"_____."

Another letter came to us, from one whose associations are with Orthodox Christians, indicative of earnest and painful strivings after light and peace. We venture to give two or three sentences. "I could not conscientiously unite myself with a Unitarian church, for I feel that, as a body, there is in them very little spiritual life. Besides, I cannot accept as true all that they believe,—I mean, most of them. Neither could I unite with any of the so-called Evangelical churches, for I could not accept their creed, and if I could, I cannot feel it is right to be so *bound*. Where does the path of duty lie? Christ says, 'If any man shall do his will, he shall know of the doctrine,' and this darkness may arise from a want of devotion to his service. Yet if I know my own heart, I do *most earnestly* desire to do his will, and my daily prayer is for spiritual light and guidance. What books would be of most assistance to me? I have felt that this trial, which I have so long endured, has done me good, but I am weary now, and long for the struggle to end."

Another person, of clear intelligence, whose purity of life we might well envy, and whose associations had been with the so-called "New Jerusalem Church," says: "I was sad and anxious, I knew not why. I supposed all the trouble was in me. But since I left, I have become fully convinced

that my want of peace arose from the fact that I was so entirely *shut in*."

We cannot presume to guide others. We have felt deeply the need of a Guide ourselves, and we believe we understand, from a depth and fulness of sympathy which experience alone can give, the state of mind which these extracts disclose. We infer that it is a state of mind very general and pervading, and that, among all communions, the heart is asking for something which the denominations cannot give.

Long ago there arose on our dreaming hours the ideal of a church of Christ, so rich in the treasures of truth, so abounding in warm celestial charities, that the wayfaring man might come, be clothed and fed from her affluence, be comforted in her goodly fellowship, and on her large maternal bosom find shelter and repose. The want of such a church we believe to be one of the instincts of the heart, and that the instinct becomes more strong and urgent as the heart becomes more replenished with Divine grace. But come to ask where is this church to be found, we know of but one answer. It is not yet realized on the earth, and we shall not probably find it till we rise to the communion of the glorified. Those who box the whole compass, from Rome to blank Naturalism, or from Naturalism around to Rome, do not find such a church. And yet we doubt not that it is to come at length in the consummation of things, crowning work of the Saviour, as the New Jerusalem descends and touches the earth, and finally in an outward visible form fulfils the prophecy, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!"

As to the three communions touching which our correspondents give us the text for what we are to say, we trust it will not be invidious for us to record so much of our knowledge and experience as is pertinent to their queries. And we proceed in the inverse order in which we have named them.

There is the New Jerusalem Church, technically so called,

but very far from actualizing the New Jerusalem of St. John's Revelation. It has a christology of heavenly clearness and beauty, which answers almost exactly to the "Logos doctrine" of the early Church, and of which nearly every chapter of the Gospel of John is as full as it can hold. It has a pneumatology wonderfully distinct, rational, and substantial, which brings the shores of immortality so near that we can almost hear the chimes of the bells of heaven. It has a code of ethics and morals which condemns every form of selfishness. With all this it has one deep and crying want. *It lacks the Paraclete*, that last and richest legacy of Christ, without which piety is stiff and Jewish, and the Church is without growth and vitality, and soon becomes "hardened into a dry crust of conformity" and splits into sects. And the reason of this radical and fatal deficiency is obvious enough. *No church can have the free action of the Paraclete within it, founded on the word of a mortal and fallible man.* So long as the personality of Emanuel Swedenborg strides it like a colossus, its believers must indeed be "shut in." So long as his word is regarded as final and "continuous from the Lord," and the chief business is to dig out his meaning with a dictionary of correspondences, his huge personality must come between the believer and the Lord Jesus, and the Comforter in plenteous showers of grace and peace will never descend. And there will be no such thing as free enlargement and unfolding from within, no melting of all hearts into one, and pouring them out in large and generous charities, no intense and vital action that comes through prayer; but hair-splittings in theology, and the vain attempt to build up a church from without, with no church enlargement from within through the Spirit sweeping the soul like a river, and making a religious revival at every hour. If we may trust the opinion of the most competent judges who have acted within its pale, New Church ecclesiasticism, both in England and America, has been a signal failure. And we are compelled to regard this failure as the

judgment of the Lord against its noxious idolatry, preventing him from having free action within the church, from waking a warm spirit of devotion, and baptizing with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*

There is Orthodox Calvinism with its two wings of Old School and New, or staid and progressive Orthodoxy. The latter division abounds with life and self-sacrificing zeal, and apparently is doing more than any other division of the church, the Methodists perhaps excepted, in moulding society and winning souls to Christ. Its literature is vigorous, scholarly, throbs with a warm devotional spirit, and its pulpit has more power and influence than any pulpits in the land. We presume it will be conceded that it includes a large proportion of the best and brightest minds among the younger clergy. It is effectively reformatory in two directions,—against the sins of the age, and against the infidelity of the age. It flowers forth in such admirable works as Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural." Taking firm ground in the essential divinity of Christ and its correlate, the radical depravity of man, it is doing more in our estimation in lifting the Church out of the naturalism of the times, than any denomination in Christendom. Very true, the old and fixed Orthodoxy is alarmed, and charges young Orthodoxy with fatal tendencies to rationalism.

* See Mr. Brotherton's late pamphlet on the New Church in England. See Professor Bush's writings *passim*. Mr. Brotherton says: "If any one amongst us should call in question some of the teachings of Swedenborg, however pure his life, he would sink to zero in the estimation of many. There is only one thing worse than this; and that is, the manifestation of some kind of zeal, especially if it does not go in the doctrinal direction. We have philosophic generalities, dull platitudes respecting goodness and truth, principles, degrees, and correspondences. These things are useful to the student, but as they are dealt out they can scarcely be said to constitute even a theology, but rather a nomenclature. We do not often hear preaching which probes the heart, which takes the sinner as he sits, and compels him to explore the dark places of his own bosom, exhibits him to himself in the light of Divine truth until he trembles, and, loathing himself, cries out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' We hear little about the need of personal religion. Not only are there few efforts among us for the regeneration of society; we even go out of our way to make light of those which others make."

— pp. 13, 17.

We cannot see in it the least bearing in that direction. Why, then, the reader will ask, do you not go over and join it? For the simple reason that two of our correspondents have given. We cannot subscribe the creed. We cannot worship three persons. Rather we cannot do as Henry Ward Beecher does, enounce the creed bravely with the lips now and then, and go on the next day and give it side thrusts till it is thoroughly cut up. What he does, we presume, with perfect simplicity of mind, being born or brought up in Orthodoxy, in us would be double-dealing, or facing two ways. The new Calvinism loses in consistency while it gains in power, and there are "Inquiries in Theology," especially in the department of inspiration and hermeneutics, which it must ignore, or else have a thorough readjustment of its whole doctrinal system. What is the true theory of the Old Testament? What will you do with the Hebrew Cosmology and the Book of Jonah? How does the deity of Christ consist with the unity of God? What is the Bible pneumatology, and the teachfng about the resurrection of the dead? How can we teach a vicarious atonement without running into Antinomianism? What about the Five Points? Must we keep them sharp and burnished, or may we file off some of them, and if so, which, and how many? We must take old Calvinism, if we take any, as alone self-consistent, and that would kill us in the process of digestion. And though, in our judgment, the new Calvinism tends in no wise to rationalism, or to Unitarianism in any shape that Unitarianism has yet assumed, it evidently does tend to a reconstruction of the whole scheme of doctrinal Christianity. That is a work which belongs to those who are educated within it, and discern its wants and exigencies, and wield its power and know how to reform it. For others to seek admission within its ranks for any such purpose, would be very much like treachery.

We come next to our own division of the Church universal, called by some Unitarians, called more comprehensively Liberal Christianity, which our two correspondents, first quoted, think is wanting in spiritual life.

In a wealthy and once prosperous society, which had become thoroughly demoralized under an administration of Parkerism, we heard the inquiry earnestly made for a minister who was a "Channing Unitarian." What a Channing Unitarian might be we had a very vague and floating idea, and we suspect the inquirer had himself. Turning to Dr. Channing's Memoirs, we find his views expressed as follows in a letter to Rev. James Martineau, dated September, 1841:—

"Old Unitarianism must undergo important modification or developments. This I have felt for years. Though an advance on previous systems, and bearing some better fruits, it does not work deeply, it does not strike living springs in the soul. This is perfectly consistent with the profound piety of individuals of the body. But it cannot quicken and regenerate the world. No matter how reasonable it may be if it is without *power*. Its history is singular. It began as a protest against the rejection of reason,—against mental slavery. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a *Unitarian Orthodoxy*. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at or deplored, for all reforming bodies seem doomed to stop, in order to keep the ground, much or little, which they have gained. They become conservative, and out of them must spring new reformers, to be persecuted generally by the old. With these views I watch all new movements with great interest." (Vol. II. p. 399.)

Later still, he says, "I am becoming less and less a Unitarian." A Channing Unitarian, then, is one who becomes a Unitarian less and less; in other phrase, who leaves Unitarianism behind so far forth as he finds it partial and superficial, and presses on towards fulness and completeness in Christ Jesus. This we should think is sufficient answer to those sensitive critics who deem it a reflection upon the memories of the sainted dead of the denomination to aspire to truth that never dawned upon them,—a sentiment, one might almost think, enough to make Channing speak from his grave, or draw down his indignation from the skies.

Plainly, there are three kinds of Unitarianism. There is that which shades off into natural religion, losing everything which is distinctive in Christianity, tending to a total disintegration of the Church. Then there is what Dr. Channing calls "Unitarian Orthodoxy," which is simply a few platitudes about the Fatherhood of God and the dignity of human nature, and the excellence of virtue, fixed and fossilized as the sum-total of the Gospel revelation, to undergo no addition or diminution to the end of time. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" It is one of these two types, we suppose, which our correspondents have come in contact with, and no wonder that they "find very little life in them," and that "the heart cries out for something more." Then there is Channing Unitarianism, properly so called, the only kind that he would acknowledge as genuine,—that which finds in Christianity an all-comprehending and ever-unfolding Divine system imperfectly apprehended as yet, but the sole hope of the world and the inexhaustible riches of God. This, as he viewed the matter, was the Unitarianism with which the denomination started,—"pledged to progress as its life and end." It is the only one which has the living germs of a glorious future, which is not already dying, and which does not deserve to die. It will become less and less Unitarian, for the simple reason that it brings the believer evermore to the beholdings of absolute truth, and gives him Christianity, not as the sect has named and fixed it, but as the ever-coming Christ unveils it to those who only hearken to his COME UNTO ME.

What, then, is the only consistent position for any earnest man to hold who believes that Christ is more than sect, that existing forms of religion are transitional and provisional, and who waits for the ultimatums of the New Jerusalem upon the earth? What but to stand faithfully in his lot wherever he can stand in truth and in freedom, and speak the word and do the work which God gives him to speak and to do? What but to press nearer and nearer to the Lord Jesus

Christ, by all the means which are afforded him, and then speak out any truth which he finds, or breathe out any love with which his heart overflows, for the good of that communion in which he finds himself placed? In what other way are denominational peculiarities to soften and fade out before the growing splendors of the Son of man? In what other way is the New Jerusalem to descend, until in place of sect we have indeed a Church, catholic both in faith and in charity, and whose differences shall not be schisms, but the variations of shade and coloring through which the glory of the landscape is toned and harmonized? Meanwhile the way is direct and short for the earnest inquirer of any sect to a profounder peace and a more sufficing faith than his sect can give him. It is to rise above its level, seeking Christ at first hand, by a life in conformity with his word, by personal communion, by a daily walk with him as the God with us, and the giver of the Comforter, being sure that he will make good his promise. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and WE WILL COME AND MAKE OUR ABODE WITH HIM."

"Where is he, and what is he who speaks such words and promises, and is able to fulfil them?" We have tried several times to answer such questions in these pages, but we reserve them now for another number. The answer, however, only becomes perfect as we follow him in the regeneration, till we take up the strain of the heavenly ritual, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

S.

REMEMBER that this is the very elixir, the very hell of hell to the damned spirits, that they had once a time wherein they might have procured everlasting rest and glory; but they foolishly and vainly misspent that time and season, which is now not to be recovered.

BE frugal of your time; it is one of the best jewels we have.

MY NIECE'S TROUBLE.

"OH Aunt Sarah! here you sit day after day, and the world does n't change with you one bit! I verily believe that you have n't moved those vases on the mantelpiece, except to dust them, for the past forty years. How can you endure such a life? For my part I am tired to death, and hurry from one amusement to another that I may get rid of the horrible feeling that life is all a mockery, and does n't amount to anything. Why, sometimes every man, woman, and child I meet seems to me a skeleton; and how they can grimace and appear happy, and make such humbugs of themselves, I can't imagine. If they think at all, of course they must see that nothing they do or say is of any real use; how can they help looking forward and wondering what the end will be? And here you live without anything to divert your mind, as if you were *really* happy. I don't believe that you are either stupid or deceitful, and I don't know what to make of you."

That was a long speech, but I was used to such greetings; for my niece often burst in upon me, and began at once to unburden her mind of the uppermost subject, without waiting to bid me good afternoon. So I was not at all surprised, only pleased to see her, for she did much to make my life less monotonous; and besides, I loved her for her own sake.

Her words brought freshly back to me the first troubled winter of my life,—when I began to see below the surface of everything, to cry, Peace, peace! when there was no peace, and to carry a heavy heart to my pleasures and my work. I longed to comfort my poor child at once, and save her the months, perhaps years, of groping which I foresaw for her, though I knew that her end would be peace without my aid; so I determined that, before she left me, she should have my sympathy at least, and what little advice I could give her from my own experience.

"This is something new, Lucy," I said, "you seem always as gay as a lark."

"It's only seeming," she replied, sadly; "at least, it has been only seeming for a long time now. I have n't told any one about it, but I've carried round with me everywhere just such a heartache as I could put away in a dark corner and have all to myself, and appear outside just the same as ever; but every morning the first thought, sitting waiting for me on my pillow, ready to take possession of me as I come to myself, (I'm taking great liberties with Emerson, Aunt Sarah,) is the same old grinding fancy, that nothing in this world amounts to anything. I groan and say, 'Another day to give account of!' And I go through the same routine of little duties from which I can't escape, and yet which amount to nothing, never go deeper than the surface, nor call out a single faculty. I long sometimes to stop strangers in the street, and ask them what they are living for. However, it would n't be of much use; they all have the same craving and dissatisfaction, I know. Why, look at your neighbors up and down this quiet street; what are they aiming at? which of them is happy?"

While she ran on with much more in the same strain, my thoughts wandered from house to house, that I might bring forward some example for Lucy's encouragement.

There is my neighbor A, the fair representative of a large class. He is out early in the morning, moving fast and looking neither to the right hand nor the left, like a man of business as he is. He says that he began life poor, and suffered mortifications and trials innumerable till he was convinced that money was a good thing, a great thing, and indeed everything (not that he wishes to say that religion is not first, of *course*). But look at the comforts money brings: education,—and is not knowledge power? Could not he now hold his head much higher among his friends had he been educated as well as Mr. this or that? Comforts, dress, amusements (not that he cares for these, but his children do), pleasures, fine houses. It commands respect, and he is not quite sure that it does not sometimes command love too. In short, it is to him the most desirable of all things. He

loves to make money, and he means to make it; and the question is pretty freely answered,—that is what *he* lives for.

B is a pretty little woman; her fingers sparkle with diamonds, her silks sweep the streets, her fan waves at the opera, her slippers dance at the gayest balls,—she lives for pleasure, and loves it best of all things. Everybody pets her and loves her, she is so kind-hearted. She plans all the morning for her evening's amusement, and gives herself little time to think. I wonder if the thought may not now and then rush over her, ‘What are you doing it for? What does it all amount to?’ Perhaps she has not thought of it definitely enough to give an answer, were she asked directly; but sometimes her face is very sober as she sits at the window, and I think that it is not entirely because her new dress did not fit, or Frank did not ask her to dance with him but once.

I never saw any one more industrious than C. She sits and sews the whole day long. In public her dress is faultless, with the only drawback that it leaves the impression that she has given her whole mind to it. She sews for fairs too, and for her friends,—beautiful bridal pincushions, and babies' sacks miraculously embroidered,—and no one could help admiring her neatness, skill, and patience. But I never heard of her reading, or caring for anything beyond what appertains to the body; and though she seems always placidly content, I sometimes suspect that there must be a yawning gulf in her heart which all the stitches of a lifetime could not close.

D evidently has a craving, but whether she rightly understands what it is, I cannot tell. Her eager desire seems to be for attention, and, in the street and at home, she is always either in a state of fluttering delight at the amount she receives, or laying plans to attract more. She has no more than her proper share, however, and a large part of her life is necessarily unfilled; then she is unsatisfied, if not positively unhappy.

E dearly loves his children,—carries them in his thoughts all day, drudges for them, plans for them, and sacrifices him-

self for them ; neither does he forget that they are immortal souls. He is to be envied in his enjoyment of them, as they climb over him like young opossums. They give him pain sometimes, but he loves them too judiciously for them to give him any permanent trouble, and, with all his cares, his life must be satisfactory to him through them, for through time and eternity he can look forward to his rich possessions. No ! Even with this rose there is a thorn, for almost as surely as they grow to be men and women will they choose to give to a stranger a love stronger than they have for him ; his old age may be comparatively lonely and desolate, and he can only truly enjoy his children while he blindly persists in looking upon them as immortal *children*.

F is an old maid, and it is wonderful how much she accomplishes in the world. She is ready for every call, besides the definite work laid out for her, which many conscientious people would make an excuse against further demands. She visits and receives her friends, and sews for herself and others, and works for fairs in the intervals of teaching school, and has a helping hand to offer for every benevolence which is brought before her. She is fresh and happy, and gives pleasure wherever she goes, and I more than suspect a secret of happiness to be hers, deeper than the secret of industry which brings so much of that desirable gift. F was the person I could quote, and I thought I knew her secret.

" Yes," Lucy answered, when I spoke of her, " she has always seemed very happy, but so do thousands of others ; how do you know, Aunt Sarah, that she has not lonely hours and terrible heart-sinkings ? You never suspected these feelings in me till I confided in you."

" None of us are perfectly happy, Lucy, and we never cease to have sorrows and troubles ; but underneath them there is either a basis of happiness or unhappiness, on which we build our houses, and these little, outward circumstances pass, as the world passes before our windows, — now a beggar, now a rich man, — now a painful, now a pleasant sight, — they

affect us for the moment, but do not shake the house. I think F's basis is happiness, and that I can help you to her secret."

Lucy seemed so ready to listen, I felt I could speak freely.

" You are troubled that your life amounts to nothing ; which means that you have not found your right place in the world ; for every one has a place, we may be sure, since God has seen fit to send us here. You never can be at ease till you find it and fill it. You mean to be conscientious, and live faithfully and nobly, so naturally you aim too high at first, and think these very little every-day duties which you say you cannot escape from, but which so take up your time, are eating up your life in vain."

" Now, Aunt Sarah, don't preach me that doctrine *again* ! I *know* it by heart ; I have thoroughly tried to do with my might whatever my hands found to do, however small the duty was ; but when I look back upon a day so spent, it looks like child's patchwork, not fit for use, and I feel myself dwindling down daily, chained like a galley-slave to work I was not meant to do. I am not ambitious, but I am afraid of the account I shall have to give of such a wasted life, and I deepen the pit of my omissions every day, without knowing how to fill it up."

" Do you remember Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness ? " I said. " God doth not need either man's work or his own gifts. We can get more food to grow strong upon out of little every-day duties faithfully performed, than from the profoundest studies or the most public deeds, when we step out of our own place for them. It's old and commonplace advice, I know ; but the importance of little things can never be enough considered.

" God never allows all the doors to be thrown open, that we may look straight forward through our whole life ; but I can open for you a little crack, and if you push through that, the door beyond will open gradually before you, but you must go on alone. F's secret is that she loves her neighbor as herself. Such love always brings happiness, and I think this

medicine will heal your disease, in proportion to the dose you take. Try it; do the first kind act which comes in your way, and watch the result. One from whom both you and I have had many a precious lesson, has said that the three classes of evil which are appointed for our trial are worldliness, sensuality, and selfishness; that from these he is least in danger who is most entirely occupied with thinking and caring for others, and if one could be wholly so occupied, like an angel, the danger would cease entirely. I think that is true; at any rate, prove it, and hold it fast if good. Never omit an opportunity of doing a kind act or speaking a kind word; and still further, take the remedy as you would an antidote against poison, and when you find the unsatisfied feeling stealing over you, seek out some object for your kindness. I am much mistaken if you do not soon learn to let God make what disposition of your life he chooses, without your caring to ask what it will amount to."

Here a visitor interrupted us, and I was not sorry, for I had said what I wanted most to say; and as I get old I have to check a tendency to prosiness, which I find grows upon me. Lucy went away without an opportunity to tell me whether she cared for my words or not; but in a moment a laughing face appeared at the parlor door, and she said, with a roguish enjoyment of her prompt application of my remedy, "Here is your evening's paper, Aunt Sarah; I thought I would save your poor, stiff old bones the trouble of picking it up."

While my neighbor E gave me a glowing account of his Benjamin's last accomplishment, I watched Lucy's light step down the street, and prayed that her's might not be one of those

"Restless and craving dissatisfied hearts,
Whence never the demon of hunger departs,"

and that I might in some measure save her young life from that cloud which darkens the days of so many young girls, and makes them such an easy prey to bodily and mental disease.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE MOB SPIRIT.

THE ferocious mob spirit breaks forth now and then at the North, for the purpose of putting down a stray Secessionist or some apologist for treason. Strange to say, respectable people sometimes wink at it, and respectable journalists rebuke it mildly. Why will they not see that the least concession to, or encouragement of, the mob spirit, though in a cause they may deem ever so just, is warming into life a serpent which may one day sting them to death? Let us beware how we teach these "bloody instructions." We may be in a minority some time, and they will come back to plague us. He who has committed no overt act against the civil order, though we may hate and condemn his opinions and his way of expressing them, has a right to all the power of the Commonwealth, if need be, to shield him from personal violence. Those who undertake to lynch Secessionists become themselves traitors to the good cause; for what are we fighting for but civil order and constitutional liberty? Though the minority be very small and very obnoxious, theirs becomes the case for which law is specially needed, and over which its protecting majesty should extend. Let every man watch in himself the first rising, and be ready to rebuke and bring to justice the first manifestation of this devilish spirit of intolerance and cruelty.

S.

HOW PEOPLE WALK.

I WAS confined to my room in a strange city, became sick of books and newspapers, and looked out of the window to study the people that kept streaming by. It was a raw morning, and the street was swept by a gusty wind. Good old Dr. Holt used to say he could tell a man's character by his walk, his tastes, his habits, his social standing, his culture, his force of character, and even whether there was any moral stamina in him. Let us see whether there is any truth in the Doctor's theories, for here are all sorts of characters and races in this Babel of a city, and I will observe whether they put themselves into their gait and bearing. First come the market-women, all Irish.

Every one of them leans forward, lifts the bottom of her dress with her heels, and keeps up a flapping of skirts in the gusty breeze. Not an Irishwoman passes but makes immense pedal demonstrations, as if at least one fifth of her was made up of foot and ankle. After this come the men, who are evidently from the lower strata of the population. Almost every one of them looks blue, leans forward, squeezes his lungs into the smallest compass he can, as if afraid of breathing too much of the cold air. They do not so much walk as creep, never having learned, evidently, that lungs were made to breathe with, and that the more air they take in, the more their blood will be oxygenized, and their brains sparkle with life and intelligence, and their bodies with manly energy. There is a corner at the end of the block where most of these people vanish, taking a turn out of sight. Curious it is to see them turn that corner. The women make a dead halt, and then take a new tack with a new setting of sails. The men look up from the pavement to find where the corner is, and then jerk themselves round it. But see! there comes a man up the street with a quick and easy motion, his chest fully expanded, his cheeks rosy red, cutting the wind with a commanding air. He turns the corner with a graceful curve and disappears. "Who is he?" "Col. H., who addressed the caucus last night." It is near nine o'clock, and now the upper stratum of the city are evidently finding their way into the streets. The ladies that pass now have no feet. You only see dresses sailing by with equable motion, and making a curve around the corner without any flapping in the wind. Now and then there is a dress lifted up by the heel, but it is pretty sure to be either slouchy, or flaring and gaudy. Observe how those men carry their hands. Those who lean forward and look blue, paw the air crosswise, as if trying to swim. Those who walk erect and breathe with their lungs as well as their windpipes, move their hands less, and always in nearly parallel planes. Some move brisk and in straight lines, like an arrow shot at a mark. These are the business men. Children bound along as if their feet were india-rubber balls. Students walk leisurely, and as if going nowhere in particular. One thing impresses you. How many one-sided, gaunt, homely, rickety, bow-bent, ambling, halting, cadaverous people there are in the world, verifying Dr. Bushnell's remark, that, in order to get one handsome person, you must select a feature here and a tint there from a hundred others, and imagine them put together in a new combination. There is not

comeliness and symmetry enough in a hundred men or women, taken at random, to make a single handsome one. I saw only one man decently built and well projected in all that day's study,—the aforesaid Col. H., who probably came from the drill of West Point. We verily believe that one reason of so much deformed and rickety manhood is, that people are afraid to breathe, or perhaps too lazy for it. Children in school do not learn to breathe, except with compressed lungs. People walk the earth, not as free denizens upon it, entitled to a full allowance of the ocean of air that lies about them, but as if tending earthward and stooping towards their graves before their time. Dr. Fitch says that, if all parts of the lungs are used and kept well oxygenized, they will seldom get diseased. Put them, or any part of them, on short allowance of room or of air, and the brain will lack ventilation, the cheek lose its beauty, the soul its courage, the lungs get diseased, and the man, instead of walking erect, like Adam in Paradise before he sinned, will bend down and creep towards his grave. Let us teach the children two other things besides the list of school studies,—how to walk and how to breathe.

S.

THE following soul-stirring lines were written long ago, by the late W. B. O. Peabody, D. D. They are full of patriotic fire, and specially appropriate now.

THE ALARM.

Look there ! the beacon's crimson light
Is blazing wide and far,
And sparkles in its towering height
The rocket's signal-star.
Rise ! rise ! the cannon rolls at last
Its deep and stern reply,
And heavier sleep is coming fast
Than seals the living eye.

And now the warning trumpet peals !
The battle 's on the way ;
The bravest heart that moment feels
The thrilling of dismay ;
Around the loved in shrinking fear
Love's straining arms are cast ;
The heart is in that single tear,
That parting is the last.

A thousand windows flash with fires
To light them through the gloom,
Before the taper's flame expires,
To glory or the tomb;
Far down the hollow street rebounds
The charger's rattling heel,
And, ringing o'er the pavement, sounds
The cannon's crushing wheel.

Then answers to the echoing drum
The bugle's stormy blast;
With crowded ranks the warriors come,
And bands are gathering fast;
Red on their arms the torch-light gleams,
As on their footsteps spring,
To perish ere the morning beams,
For death is on the wing.

The courier in his arrowy flight
Gives out the battle-cry:
And now march on with stern delight,—
To fall is not to die.
Already many a gallant name
Your country's story bears;
Go rival all your fathers' fame,
Or earn a death like theirs.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Macaulay's History of England. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, LADY TREVELYAN, with Additional Notes to Vols. I., II., III., and IV., a Sketch of Lord Macaulay's Life and Writings, by S. AUSTIN ALIBONE, and a complete Index to the entire Work. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co.—This volume, the last which we are to have from the pen of the greatest of historians, closes with the death of King William, in 1701. The plan announced at the opening of the history was to bring it down within the memory of living men. The reader finishes this volume with a pang of sorrow that the narrative must stop here, and that the grave hath closed upon the knowledge and genius that were to illustrate the English history of the eighteenth

century. Just as he was coming to the reign of Anne, the Augustan age of English literature, in the knowledge of which, judging from his essays on Addison and Johnson, his memory was a mine of wealth, the pen drops from his hand."

The sketch of the life and writings of Lord Macaulay, prefixed to the present volume, takes up more than a hundred pages, and, though only a compilation, loosely thrown together, gives glimpses of his childhood, private life, and public career, which will be very eagerly read. He had an exceedingly retentive memory, and all its varied stores were at command. He is another instance confirming Sir William Hamilton's theory, and refuting the popular notion that a prodigious memory draws its nutriment from the other faculties and makes them weaker. His stores were not only vast, but his power of combination and masterly arrangement, his splendor of illustration, and what might be appropriately termed his word-magic, are without a rival in modern literature.

S.

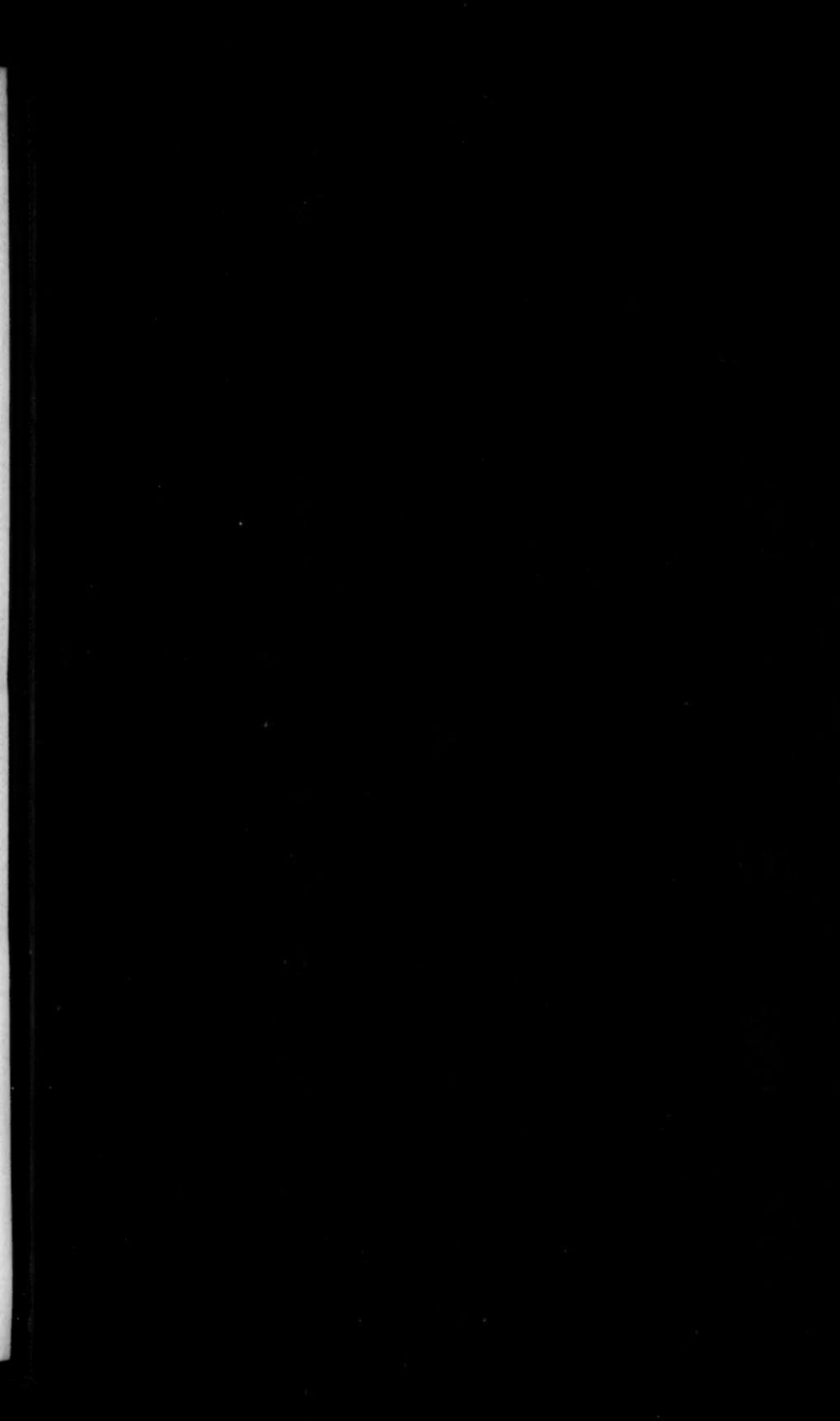
Phenomena of the Four Seasons. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co.—We have revived with much pleasure our acquaintance with this little volume. It comprises the four lectures, published some twelve years ago, entitled, "The Resurrections of Spring," "The Triumphal Arch of Summer," "The Euthanasia of Autumn," and "The Coronation of Winter." It has, in addition, an exposition of 1 Cor. xv. 35—44, which defends the lectures against some criticisms made upon their teachings pertaining to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Dr. Hitchcock's theory is, that sameness of particles is not necessary to the idea of bodily identity; that since the portion of the seed that enters into the future plant or tree forms but an infinitesimal part of the tree itself, and finally, perhaps, none at all, so only an infinitesimal particle of the body laid in the grave may enter into the resurrection body. Why the Doctor should assume that any particle whatever must come up out of the grave to form the nucleus of a new body we cannot understand, since we do not find it in the Bible, and why we may not just as well leave the grave behind us altogether, when we have done with time. But as he comes within an infinitesimal particle of what we hold as truth, we read his theory with great interest. We think Dr. Hitchcock mistakes altogether the argument

in "Athanasia." The writer of that book by no means asserts that "there is no such thing as bodily identity" existing throughout nature. What he denies is that *bodily* identity is essential to *personal* identity, and therefore that there is any necessity that we should carry any part of our earthly bodies into the spiritual world to preserve our personal sameness. So far as we understand, there is a perfect agreement between Dr. Hitchcock and the writer of "Athanasia." If we shall be living a dozen years hence, no particle of our present bodily structure will enter into the bodies we shall then wear. Yet we shall be the same beings. Even so *philosophy* requires no atom of our present bodies to form a part of our future bodies in order to our personal identity. So far both writers are agreed. But Dr. Hitchcock thinks that the *Scriptures* assert that something is to come up out of the grave at the resurrection, hence his infinitesimal germ deposited there and guarded as the nucleus of the future spiritual body.

The present edition makes a neat volume of 176 pages, with the same illustrations as the former edition. It will be welcomed by all who love to read Dr. Hitchcock,—and who does not, that loves devotion and candor?

S.

The Boston Review for May finishes its criticism upon the Plymouth pulpit. It certainly proves that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not a Calvinist in any other sense than he once undertook to define his own Calvinism,—“I am a Calvinist,” he said, “in this sense: I believe as Calvin *ought* to believe, if he were living at the present time.” The reviewer, we think, is certainly mistaken in ascribing to Mr. Beecher any fixed and consistent system. A man who says today that Christ is the only God he worships, and that the Father is to him only a filmy idea, and avers to-morrow that he is a tritheist worshipping three Gods, only saying “one God” with the lips because the Bible tells him to, must hold his theology, we take it, in a somewhat loose and dishevelled condition, and so far he may be a hopeful catechumen under such kneading as that of the Boston Review. The Review, again, is trenchant, spicy, and frank-spoken for the old Calvinism, and evidently is to be one of the forces of theological literature. It will do valiant battle at the outposts of revealed religion where the danger is greatest from the subtle and enervating naturalism of the times, and for this it has our hearty God-speed.





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THE

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RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1861.

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AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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OF THE

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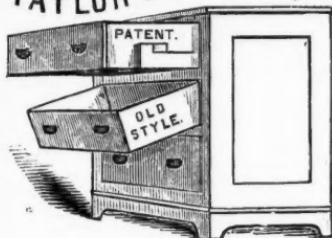
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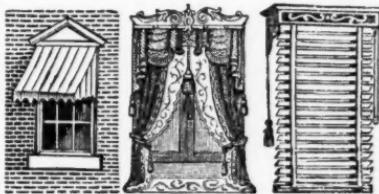
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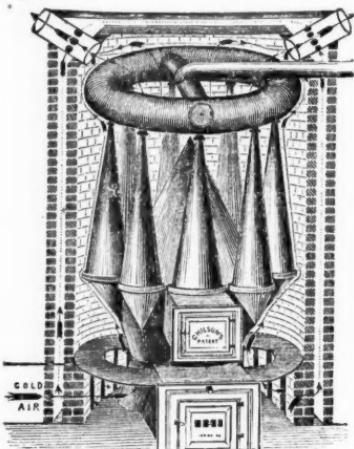
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